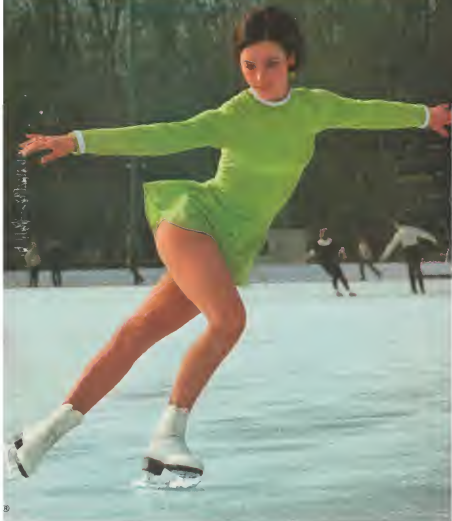


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Next week

MINNESOTA admires its new hockey team, the North Stars, but dreads Coach Wren Blair to distraction with its low-key, pariet approach to the game. Mark Mulvey reports.

A WILD ONE of stock-car racing, Christian Curcio-Turner speaks candidly to Ken Chapin of life on the tracks and of his legendary partying, moonshine hauling and flying.

PACING PROBLEMS from New Zealand, led by Cardigan Bay, have won \$3 million in U.S. purses in the last few seasons, and American horsemen are searching for more.

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LIFE

SCORECARD

MORE MEANS LESS

The strange combination of good times and bad reflected in the national economy is having its effect in sport. A coast-to-coast survey of athletic franchises shows that there has been no decline in spectator interest in professional sport; no inclination to save money by staying away from ball games. If anything, attendance is continuing to increase. But this does not mean that the business of sport is continuing to boom, for clubs apparently have run out of ways to increase revenue as they attempt to combat what is, for them, nearly runaway inflation. For example:

In St. Louis the 1967 Cardinals won the pennant and the World Series, and they topped National League attendance with 2,000,000 admissions. But the team's net profit—\$600,000—was the same as in 1966 when it finished 6th and drew 1,700,000. The St. Louis Hawks of the NBA report attendance up 12%, but profits down to the point that some home games are being scheduled away. Hawk Owner Ben Kerner says, "I have cut my own salary 40% and switched from a Cadillac to an Olds."

The Kansas City Chiefs, whose operating expenses have increased by nearly half a million dollars in one year, showed a large revenue gain in 1967 but a lower net profit. They are planning a stringent cost-cutting campaign, right down to the use of telephones and cabs. The Washington Redskins report that food and lodging alone has doubled in five years and look fondly back to 1958 when George Marshall refused to give his coach \$700 to prepare for the draft. Today scouting costs the Redskins \$150,000. The Minnesota Vikings, noted for their parsimonious salaries, say their payroll costs have doubled in recent years.

In Chicago the Cubs report a 54% increase in attendance last year and the best advance ticket sale in decades, but necessary improvements to Wrigley Field will more than take the club's \$342,000 net

profit. "Every silver lining has its cloud," says Owner Phil Wrigley. In Cleveland the Indians have lost money for two straight years, and the Browns report profits are down. Bob Howsam, general manager of the Cincinnati Reds, says simply, "The owners would do better investing in another field."

Is there any way to stop the profit decline? "None that we can find," says Dan Reeves, whose Los Angeles Rams returned a net profit of only \$340,000 after a very successful season because of operating costs of more than \$3 million. "Our league is almost sold out. We see no other sources of income that can be developed. Maybe we should try six-man football."

Even allowing for the normal amount of executive-suite pessimism, it looks as if the profit squeeze is on in sport.

WHO MOSES?

The German status symbol is possession of a dog. Nothing, it is said, reflects East Germany's impoverishment more than the absence of dogs on the streets. Last year a public-opinion poll showed that dogs are the topic of 8% of all male and 15% of all female conversations. "If Germans loved people as much as they love dogs, their history might have been less tragic," a German historian remarked not long ago.

Now the Association of Poodle Lovers (Verband der Pudelfreunde) in Hamburg has embarked on an ambitious scheme to thwart poodle thievery. The association is nose-printing the dogs owned by its members and issuing ID cards, showing each poodle's sniffer. The association claims that noseprints are as characteristic of the individual poodle as fingerprints are of a man. Using a paper-and-paste method developed by the Canadian Mounties, it hopes to print all the 3,000 poodles registered with the association. And that is just the beginning. There are 397,000 other purebred poodles in Germany.

Some dog owners, however, are

thumbing their noses at the idea, citing a study made 20 years ago by the University of Hamburg. Researchers, at that time, did not find poodle noseprints unique.

SEE NO GOOD, SPEAK NO GOOD

Almost from the time the Athletics arrived in Kansas City in 1955, there were rumors that Owner Charles O. Finley was eager to skip town with his team. But the evidence was usually speculative, and Charlie O. kept mum. Now that the A's have moved to Oakland, however, St. Louis Cardinal broadcaster Harry Caray feels free to tell about working an exhibition game between the A's and the Cardinals in 1963. Recalls Caray: "I was amazed at the turnout—32,500 people—and kept saying what a great baseball town Kansas City was. Right in the middle of the game I got a telephone call from Finley. 'Cut that kind of talk out,' he told me. 'I want to move out of Kansas City and you're messing me up.'"

Look out, Oakland.

DEADLY LURE

Caution Fishermen. Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous to Your Fish's Health.

For years outdoorsmen have reported seeing trout strike cigarette butts, and



game wardens are finding an increasing number of filter tips in the stomachs of fish.

The modern fish is also gulping down nap caps from cans at an alarming rate. Leonard Ritchie, a wildlife officer in Presque Isle, Me., says "Outdoorsmen

tell me these things will eventually kill fish. I have talked to several people who caught trout last summer and found caps inside them. Apparently, as the cap flutters to the bottom, it is an attraction some fish can't resist."

The moral from the conservation viewpoint is clear. Don't cast a snap cap upon the waters, unless you add some line and a treble hook.

WOMEN SCORNEO

Two incidents in recent weeks have provoked debate on the worth of women athletes in spectator sports. A group of American pro golfers were happily signing with Shell for its 1969 TV golf series, until the PGA tournament committee found that 12 women pros had also been invited to compete on the show and were to be paid on the same scale. Shell was told that the women would have to be replaced by men, and all but three of the women were, in fact, dropped. "I guess the men felt it wasn't going to enhance the game of golf," the show's producer explained meekly. One obvious thing it was not going to enhance was their wallets—every starting spot that went to a woman meant that much TV money lost to the men. And there was the matter of pride. There is always a possibility that women pros, playing from women's tees, will score better than the men.

Meanwhile, there is a dispute in Britain over Wimbledon's announced prize-money list. The winner of the men's singles is to receive \$4,800, while the women's singles winner will get only \$1,800. Mrs. Ann Haydon Jones, Britain's No. 1 player and at present an amateur, has threatened to pull out of the first open tournament, at Bournemouth in April, unless the women's purses are raised. "I think the split should be at least two-thirds to one-third, or even 50-50," she says. It is 73-27 now.

Lady Churchill has taken up the women's cause, expressing her sentiments in a recent letter to *The Times*, and Angela Mortimer Barrett, the last British player to win at Wimbledon, has described the tournament's offering as "an insult to our sex."

But Britain's top-ranked male player, Roger Taylor, defended the present purse split. "In order to win at Wimbledon a man may have to play several five-set matches, while a woman never

continued

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MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

(BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK)



CREDIT CARD.

Last summer, a traveling trouble-shooter for the Belden Corporation (the wire and cable people) found a whole new use for BUSINESS WEEK. He tried to pay a hotel bill with a \$100 company check, but the clerk politely refused to honor it. Reason: he never heard of the company.

Fortunately, the engineer spotted the manager's copy of the August 19, 1967 BUSINESS WEEK on a nearby table, and brought it to the desk. In that issue were four full-page ads for Belden, the initial insertion in the company's big new corporate campaign. The impressed clerk cashed the check and all ended happily.

Of course, Belden never expected this bonus when they began their BW advertising. A survey had shown the need for a campaign to impress management and financial executives with the size and scope of Belden. And the survey showed that there was no more efficient (or prestigious) way to reach them than our own magazine.

However, we don't think BUSINESS WEEK has much of a future as a credit card. Ever try to slip a copy into your wallet?

You advertise in BUSINESS WEEK to inform management



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SCORECARD continued

has to play more than three sets," he said. "Besides, they should give men more than women because eventually all of us men will have to support some woman."

SOUND OFF

Students at the University of Washington tried recently to purchase the seven-foot-high whistle of the *Queen Mary* to use at football and basketball games. Fortunately, they failed. The whistle can be heard for 15 miles. If it were sounded in the stadium or field house, visiting coaches would have blown their stacks.

IN BLACK AND WHITE

In an effort to assess just how many colleges are complying with the provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 by making all facilities and services available to all students, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare mailed questionnaires several months ago to colleges asking, among other things, for statistics on the number of white and Negro students registered and the number of whites and Negroes receiving athletic grants-in-aid during the fall school semester. The results are now coming in, and an analysis of the information supplied by the colleges in seven major conferences—the AAWU, Atlantic Coast, Big Eight, Big Ten, Ivy, Southeastern and Southwest—reveals some interesting facts.

- Of the 796,709 students registered in the 59 colleges, 12,699, or 1.5%, are Negro.
- The schools granted 10,698 athletic scholarships. Of these 634, or about 6%, went to Negroes.
- The Big Ten Conference has the most Negro students (5,094) and Indiana has the highest number (1,501) of any of the 59 schools.
- Michigan State gave the most Negro athletic scholarships—50. This is almost twice the number granted to Negroes by any other Big Ten school. Michigan State also gave the most athletic grants in the conference—265, and Purdue the fewest—164.
- There are 1,861 Negroes in the Southeastern Conference. This is 1.4% of all students. SEC colleges gave 2,236 athletic scholarships, the most of any major conference. Only 11 of these went to Negroes. Alabama, Auburn, Florida, Mississippi, Mississippi State, LSU and Georgia gave none to Negroes.

- There are 1,001 Negroes in Atlantic Coast colleges, which is 1.4% of the total number of students. The University of Virginia has the lowest percentage of Negro students—4%. Thirty-four Negroes in the ACC received athletic grants—20 of them at Maryland and nine at Wake Forest. Duke, Clemson, South Carolina and Virginia gave no Negro athletic scholarships.
- In the Southwest Conference, which is .65% Negro, 1,678 athletic scholarships were distributed, 16 to Negroes. The most given to Negroes by any school in the conference is four (Southern Methodist). Race granted none.
- The Ivy League filed no returns on athletic scholarships, since it offers none as such. Of its 41,005 students, 2% are Negroes.

SUPER PRAYER

The Most Reverend Philip M. Hannan, Archbishop of New Orleans, delivered this invocation at a Saints banquet two weeks ago. "Oh God, we ask your blessing upon all who participate in this banquet this evening, and on all who have supported our Saints. Our Heavenly Father, who has instructed us that the 'saints by faith conquered kingdoms . . . and overcame lions,' grant our Saints an increase of faith and strength so that they will not only overcome the lions, but also the Bears, the Rams, the Giants and even those awesome people in Green Bay. Give to our owners and coaches the continued ability to be as wise as serpents and simple as doves so that no good talent will dodge our draft. Grant to our fans perseverance in their devotion and unlimited lung-power, tempered with a sense of charity to all, including the referees. May our beloved 'Bedlam Bowl' be a source of good fellowship, and may *The Salvo Go Marching IV* be a victory march for all, now and in eternity."

THEY SAID IT

- Walter (Babe) Pratt, member of the Hockey Hall of Fame and star of the '40s, watching a timed forward in a game between Vancouver and Phoenix: "How would you like to have a heart transplant—and get his?"
- Doris Brown, asked by a television sportscaster after she won the mile in the Seattle Invitational if she had ever run the distance before: "Yes, I hold the world's record."

END

If Lincoln Continental made a wagon, this would be it.

Mercury Colony Park.

Lincoln Continental doesn't make a wagon. So our Continental designers put their wagon ideas into our Mercury Colony Park.

One of the better ones is a back room for the boys—two optional center-facing rear seats. It gives them a playroom of their own. And keeps you far away from the distraction of crunching apples, etc.

The two-way tailgate swings out like a door, down like a gate. It's easier to load dead weight or live frisky cargo.

And there's a new optional Automatic Ride Leveler that keeps you on an even keel, even with a baby elephant in the rear.

Our designers signed their work by giving Colony Park the classic bold look of the Continental grille. It's safe to say, nobody makes a finer wagon than this one.

The Fine Car Touch inspired by the Continental.



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION





BREAKNECK

Americans paraded into Grenoble—and accidents began. Here, in downhill, Barrows hurtles 15 feet into the air. Helicopter picked him up.



TIME IN FRANCE

The Winter Olympics' first week was crash-crash-crash for U.S. Alpine skiers as Jim Barrows (shown spinning toward a shocking fall) and seven other men and women hit the snow. Meanwhile, France's Jean-Claude Killy and Austria's Olga Pali were striking gold. But there was some cheer for the U.S. in the performance of its girl skaters

CONTINUED





OVER THE SCATTERED BONES CAME JEAN-CLAUDE

by DAN JENKINS

Up in the gusty mountains above Grenoble it was believed that stubborn old Avery Brundage, who has this hang-up about amateurism, would stand at the finish line of the Alpine events in the Winter Olympics with his legs planted and his arms outstretched, and that Jean-Claude Killy and the others would have to plunge through him—blazer, patch, pin, ideals and all—to get a medal of any kind unless their skis were painted, oh, polka-dot purple and pink, with no trademarks visible. Ski racers are pros, suggested Brundage, because the manufacturers pay them to let the world know what boards they are sliding on. Not that anyone would discover it in Grenoble. Fog continually moving in and out obscured everything skis, skiers and the spectator next to you. Then, suddenly, another problem arose for Killy: the glamour personality of these Games. Could he race well over the scattered bones of the U.S. team? American boy parts and girl parts were being spread across the slopes like Boka Lugosi's favorite buffet. Talking to an American racer almost any time meant bending down and peeking in the snow. Finally, however, out of all of this agony and frustration, down roared Jean-Claude Killy to capture the biggest, most dangerous event of them all, the men's downhill, to add another gold medal in giant slalom and to transplant himself forever into the throbbing heart of France.

Although it was beginning to look like the overall spectacle might have to be renamed *Xèmes Jeux Olympiques de Killy*, it was impossible for Jean-Claude or any of the medal winners to display lavish joy because of the clack about commercialism. For example, Killy leaped at an opportunity to put the Olympics down by saying, "I raced well because this was a World Cup event." Actually he said Evian World Cup, throwing in the name of the co-sponsor, Evian, which sells bottled water

and has helped to organize the World Cup ski circuit, whose races provide an orderly way of keeping up with skiing's leading, uh, money-winners.

Brundage, of course, is correct in saying that European ski racers often struggle toward a camera hearing as many trademarks as an Indianapolis race car, and only the most naive individual would expect them to do this out of pure friendship for hard-working factory employees. What the skiers argue is that Brundage is putting all of the heat on the skis. What about the bindings? What about the boots? What about a Russian ice-hockey team that has been playing together, living together and no doubt getting paid together for six years?

"The Olympic is hypocrite," said Killy.

So it was that when Jean-Claude reached the finish of the downhill race on Friday he did exactly as the officials demanded he do. He gently stepped out of his skis while a couple of gendarmes stood by, and then he was allowed to move in front of the cameras. But, alas, what happened then was that his best friend, Michel Arpin, who also happens to be his racing service man, stepped into focus with his skis upright between himself and Killy, almost as if they were Killy's equipment. It was in there, Avery Brundage, guess who won on Dynamics?

Meanwhile, silver medalist Guy Périllat, who lost by only the blink of an eye, and bronze medalist Jean-Daniel Daetwyler of Switzerland were not quite so fortunate. All of the attention was on Killy, naturally. Périllat shrugged and said, "Oh, well, it is not so important. The pictures with the skis can be taken later."

For the Olympic record books, however, let it be noted that Killy won his two gold medals on French-made Dynamic skis, and in Nevada bindings and Le Trappeur boots, that Périllat used Dynastar skis, Nevada bindings and Hesching boots; and that Daetwyler was on Rossignol skis, in Nevada bindings and Lange boots. There it is done.

No one had to wonder what the

Afteracans were wearing. It was Ace bandages and plaster casts. In succession, the Americans who crashed either in training or in races and were either physically or mentally twisted by the experience were Dennis McCoy, Wendy Allen, Robin Morning, Billy Kidd, Spider Sahich, Jere Elliott, Jim Barrows and Karen Budge, a total of eight—eight out of 14—with a late report just filtering down the mountain that Kiki Cutter might have fallen into measles. They went through fences, banged their heads on slalom poles, spiraled through the air like tornado wreckage, and, in the case of poor Karen Budge, got blindsided by a foolish Moroccan.

The American tragedy began with Dennis McCoy in downhill training. He caught an edge and took down a fence and came up looking as if his face had been clawed by an angry housewife, something that damaged his confidence even more than the fall.

Then, on another day during training, Wendy Allen barreled into a cluster of slalom poles and put a slice in her pretty forehead, six stitches worth, and it is yet to be decided how this might affect her. But there was no question about Robin Morning on the same day. Going from the chairlift to the start of the ladies' downhill, a mere pleasure ski, Robin fell and didn't get up. It wasn't a tough fall, only the sort we all take. But Robin's right leg was broken and she was out of the Olympics before they started.

Now came the biggest blow of all to America's chances. Billy Kidd was in fine form, oozing confidence. Up in the special Olympic Village at Chamrousse where the Alpiners were hidden, the talk was all about how Kidd and Killy were looking better than anyone on this turny, technical course that was not as fast as it was deceptive, not as steep as it was windy, unpredictable, shadowy and just plain hard.

"In places," said Kidd, "it's like trying to ski on the outside of a basketball."

In the nonstop Kidd burst from the gate and zipped around the first turn and

Winning the downhill, Killy fights for balance on steep upper pitch, tucks into jump and drives for finish, nipping Guy Périllat (right).

continued

the harpoon as he had no less than 10 times previously. Then came another right-hand turn. As Kidd approached, a 60-mile gust enveloped him, and the wind lashed a spray of white powder over his skis. For a split second he felt a tiny knob, or something strange, beneath him. He jerked back, his tips crossed—at least he believes they did—and in the terrible next few seconds for both Kidd and America, the best U.S. racer was in a grinding spill that twisted his left ankle, one that has been injured before. He could still race while heavily taped, but neither his ankle nor his confidence would be like new. Thus he was a feeble 18th in the downhill, losing to racers he can normally defeat with ease.

On the same afternoon of nonstop training, Spider Sabich took a spectacular tumble that sent both of his skis sailing into the clouds and him into the snow. He escaped serious injury, suffering only a bruised heel, but his performance encouraged Coach Bob Beattie to put young Aere Elliott instead of Spider in the race. Elliott had no better luck. Lunging for speed, he got out of control, went into a cocktail blender routine and took about 30 feet of a snow fence down, slightly injuring his shoulder. This encouraged Beattie to start Sabich, not Elliott, in the giant slalom.

Back at the crash pad, Elliott's fall was nothing compared to that of big Jim (Moose) Barrows. Nobody's fall was—ever. If medals were given for courage, or for wanting to go fast, Barrows would be every one. A friendly hulk of a fellow from Steamboat Springs, Colorado who has played football and driven in jalopy derbies, Jim went out of the starting gate as if he thought he had a chance to chase down Killy. Soon he was nearing the Col de la Balme, a murderous little section. You come into the first hump there from a steep schuss. You kind of go glump and then pre-jump, then hold it, and then prejump the next bump, all of this at about 60 miles per hour, and then you are out of it. Fifteen racers spun out there, and in his fall Barrows looked like three of them.

He came down the steep part obviously out of control, too far to the right, near the little red flags that mark the end of the world. Horribly, he sat back, his skis went out and forward off the first bump, and then up, up and away. Fifteen feet up and into the gray haze he flew, lazily spiraling—a space walker without an umbilical cord. As it happened, Moose seemed to hang in the air for an hour, and you had time to ponder, during your shriek, whether he

would land on his head or on another continent. He landed on his right shoulder, upside down, then crashed forward his skis jamming into the trail, and just lay there. A helicopter rescue later, Barrows was lucky to have only a dislocated hip and was building model airplanes in a military hospital in Grenoble.

"Yeah, I was going too fast," he said. "But you don't win medals cooling it."

Further proof that an American did not even have to be in a race to be injured was soon to follow. Shortly before the ladies' downhill on Saturday, blonde Karen Budge from Jackson Hole, Wyoming was testing was. Karen, America's best girl in downhill, had just enough time to test on a nearby giant slalom course and then rewax. But as she was running the test a member of the Moroccan men's team, Saad Housni, who had been warned once before to stay off the hill, zipped by from nowhere, slamming into Karen. Result: a dislocated shoulder for Budge and a bruise for the crazy Moroccan, which was less punishment than Bob Beattie would have laid on at the moment.

In the face of continuous adversity, Beattie remained remarkably restrained and used psychology. He skirted the subjects of ill fortune, myth and voodoo when in the company of his dwindling troops. He spoke only of tomorrow's job. And he pointed out that this was not a freak Olympics, that the best racers were winning. Jean-Claude Killy had taken a downhill event that was practically tailored for him, and Austria's Olga Pall, a slender, beautiful girl, had churned to the ladies' downhill victory that she indeed deserved on the basis of the winter's prior results. Isabelle Mir of France finishing second, Austria's Christl Haas third.

"Our best events are ahead of us," lectured Beattie.

And so they were. While no one was about to outski Killy in the combined giant slalom runs of Sunday and Monday, especially since he was relieved of some immense pressure after his downhill win, the Americans began to come on. Killy led the first run by 1.2 seconds.

Second to Killy was a stranger in lofty standings, Willy Favre, one of those Swiss who have been surprisingly good this year in heavy snow. But the U.S. had decent runs from Kidd (eighth) and Jimmy Heuga (seventh), and thus some chance for a medal.



Taping ski names, French racers Auguste (left) and Mauduit pose for a Brondage checkroom

On Monday, however, the fog curled up around Chamrousse again, a light snow fell, and it was obvious that the course would be soft—Swiss soft, Willy Favre soft—with poor visibility added. This wasn't good for Heuga's No. 1 starting position, and he wound up 10th. "I wasn't sure what to do, whether to play safe and get down or charge at it," he said. "I was in between."

Billy Kidd, sore ankle and all, started eighth and was slow up at the top. But with a fluid finish on a course getting swifter before rats set in for the late starters, he posted the fastest run of the day and climbed to a fifth-place over-all finish. He was just half a second—an ankle tweak, if you will—away from a bronze medal, behind Killy, Favre, Heim Messner and Guy Périllat.

All of this cheered up the U.S. and increased the excitement for the slalom which lay ahead, but in Killy country it furnished no more than a pleasant backdrop for Jean-Claude's continuing magic.

For the French ski fan, however, who was being told daily in some of the stickiest, most sentimental prose ever turned out by the European press that Killy was immortal, grand, sweet, cute, legendary, honest and cuddly, there was scarcely anything left for Jean-Claude to prove after the downhill. Of course, by winning the giant slalom he had an opportunity to dangle three golds around his neck as Toni Sailer did at Cortina in 1956. He can do that by taking the slalom on Saturday, probably in the presence of none other than Charles de Gaulle and nine million confused policemen. *Thor* would be something else. For most ecstatic Frenchmen, though, Killy did his big number in the downhill.

Killy had not been sensational in the season's early races. He had sulked after losing two previous downhills and had fallen twice in slalom. He had been intimidated by the pressure. Then at Grenoble he had got into the unexpected dilemma of Avery Brundage's complaints about commercialism, which were so blunt that it was honestly felt for a few hours that the Alpine events might be barred from the whole affair. After the typical face-saving compromise was reached, Killy seemed both de-prioritized and a little contemptuous.

"It is all a game," he said.

It was the racers themselves, those in



First blood for Austria: Opa Pölzl's downhill win over France's Mr. Cold teammate Jean-

the first seeding group who canceled the downhill on the day it was originally scheduled. Up on top, the wind howled. The racers gathered in a group and decided they didn't want to battle the gusts and allow a fellow starting 88th to catch a calm and win the hog one.

There was wind the next day, but not as much. It was a little warmer, and it looked to Killy, who would start 14th, as if the course might develop ruts quickly. It was obvious that Guy Périllat's first starting position was an advantage. His time of 1:39.93, a record for the slope and two full seconds under the best nonstop time, was holding nicely. Austria's bug guns, Gerhard Nienning, an early-season hero on the circuit, Karl Schranz and Heim Messner, all failed to overtake Périllat, a quiet, 28-year-old married man who says he will now retire, finally.

Now was the moment. It was time for Killy, and what could he do with the things on his mind, and with the enormous performance expected by his countrymen below, and with Col de la Balme, which was already shaking even the best apart, waiting for him?

"When I knew I had only to beat Périllat," he said, somewhat undiplomatically, one felt, "I knew I would win."

Never has Killy exploded from a start-

ing gate faster. He absolutely dived out, skating downward and shoving with his poles. "He got one second on the start alone," said Gerard Rubaud, one of his close chums and equipment keepers. Around the hairpin Killy fought for more speed rather than merely holding steady as the others had done. In a series of S turns at the middle, he slashed and carved and skated. He took Col de la Balme with two neat preumps as if he were giving an exhibition, and by this time he had the race won. He was faster than anyone through the tough part by a second or two, and Périllat had managed to make it seem so close.

Two ski lengths, let's say, only because of the smoother course he benefited by.

So there was Killy at the bottom, triumphant Killy—immortal, cuddly Killy—grinning at the world through cameras and saying, "I knew I would win, of course. I used to win the downhills, no? I took the line I wanted and passed very well, no?"

Yes, Jean-Claude. But you ruined the ending for Avery and all the gang. Listen, after the slalom you've got to mention that your Dynamics really held the turns, that your Nevada bindings were super and that your Le Trappeur boots were swell, and—well, everything will be even more downhill after that.

CONTINUED

THE PERILS OF PEGGY AND A GREAT SILVER RAID

Peggy Fleming lifted low American morale by winning the gold medal expected of her but had some very uneasy moments, while a trio of speed skaters fought flu and love bugs en route to a merry tie

by BOB OTTUM

For a few turbulent days in Grenoble last week it appeared that nothing would top the opening show staged by Charles de Gaulle. He gathered 1,291 athletes around him in a costly temporary stadium, and for a few crazy moments rockets went off, jet planes drew circles overhead in colored smoke, parachutists landed in Olympic rings and 50,000 perfumed paper roses floated out of the sky. Then it rained, snowed, fogged and smogged, disrupting the skiing and sledding schedules and at one point snuffing out the big ceremonial Olympic torch. But then, while the U.S. skiers were outdoing one another in calamity, four American girls, just plain, average, sparkling, leggy, coltish American girls, finally gave our side something to shout about in Grenoble. In the space of 36 hours Peggy Fleming (see cover) collected her gold medal in figure skating—the first U.S. gold of the Games—and our speed skaters made such a sensational run on silver that France had to send out for more medals. And with everyone still digesting this situation, one of the girls came back to win yet another medal, a nice little thing in bronze.

The skating successes restored some bounce to American morale, proving that, though the U.S. was fresh out of Squaw Valley-style miracles on hockey, though we are still bumpy and snakebit in Alpine skiing, and as far as the Nordics are concerned we might as well stay home, we are again a world power in skating.

By Friday, Peggy had gone through the compulsory school figures and had run up such an overwhelming lead (77.2 points) that she could have left a note on her dresser saying just send the gold medal along home sometime after the Games. The willowy Colorado brunette reinforced a widely held illusion that she is delicate and super fragile by moving out of Olympic Village. There was a

rumor that the whole place was assailed with French flu bugs, and the nights were full of the sound of queasy athletes shuffling down the halls.

Peggy moved in with her mother, Doris Fleming, in a shabbily genteel hide-away hotel across the street from the Grenoble railroad station, because, said Mrs. Fleming, "Peggy has a touch of sore throat and she is so nervous with all this pressure, you know." Actually, despite her 109 pounds and translucent-china look, there is every reason to believe Peggy could break the Oakland Raiders' Ben Davidson in half with one quick body block.

But for the three other girls, who decided to stay in the Village with the germs, the going was far tougher. Sixteen-year-old Dianne Holm, the pride of Northbrook, Illinois and Regina Dominican High School and the hope of America in the women's 500-meter race, was the first to falter. Early in the week she lay doubled up in the girls' dorm, stricken by some sort of ferocious germ, gradually growing so weak she was unable to attend practice.

As if that were not bad enough, teammate Mary Meyers, 22, was not only uneasy about assuming the leading role in tackling the Russians but also was in love, engaged and ready to quit skating and get married, in that order. But there was more. The other member of the threesome, 18-year-old Jennifer Fish, in addition to being stuck with a hometown organization with the impossibly corny name of the Towne 'N' Country Speed Skating Club—of Strongsville, Ohio—was an alternate with scant hope of making the team.

Next thing you know, in this old B movie plot situation, team regular Jeanne Ashworth—a 1960 bronze medalist—fell in a time trial. U.S. Coach Ken Henry looked around and there was Jenny, skating like a dream, naturally. He told her to lace up, kid, and get out

there for the good old U.S.A. and race.

It had to be a rickety team. On Wednesday, two days before the 500 meters, Dianne was sitting on a bench near the dressing rooms, her hair tumbled down around her shoulders and her eyes full of frustration and tears.

"Boy, I dunno," she sniffled, "I was feeling swell when I got here, but now I'm just sick. My legs hurt and my stomach hurts a whole lot and I can't even move."

And then there were the Russians. This year they sent an advance team of Red press agents to town, spreading the word that they had a mystery racer trained solely for the 500 meters and warning that she was about the biggest thing since Pavlova. And there was the very real presence of Ludmila Tatova, who had won medals in everything but knitting sweaters at the recent world championships in Finland, taking both the 500- and 1,000-meter awards.

Friday morning came up like any other winter Friday in Grenoble: with a wet, gray chill that hung in the air like puree of fog. There was Dianne warming up, with a look of pure anguish, in bulky sweat pants and with her early-Jean Boez hair all jammed up under her knit cap. She was half leaning forward as though her stomach hurt. Which it did.

Then the Russian mystery woman appeared, wearing a look of beautiful blonde innocence, in a coat lined with white fur. She turned out to be Tatiana Sidorova, who had been training at altitude in secret for a year.

Speed skating at 500 meters is quick and torturous, a race run in pairs, and Meyers, skating in a low, powerful crouch, provided the first hint of what

continued

Speed skater Mary Meyers joyfully displays her share of the three-way-tied 500-meter silver, won with Dianne Holm and Jenny Fish.





was to come. But why not? She had approached the race with just the proper U.S. attitude. "I was numb," she said.

She came winging across the finish line in 46.3 seconds, certainly not an Olympic (45.0) or a world (44.4) record, but not bad for skating against a wind that, not far away on top of the hill in Chamrousse, was blowing skiers off the trail. It put her in first spot and, stunned, she went over to a nearby bench, plunked down, stared moodily into the smog and listened for the other times.

"Speed skating," Mary said, "is a sort of love-hate relationship. I like the skating part but I cannot stand the getting-in-shape part. I can never go through it again."

Minutes later Russia's mystery girl skated with a touch too much Mitzu Gaynor and not enough Jim Ryan and finished in 46.9, which effectively hid her away back in ninth place. It also caused a stir in the Russian press corps, whose members had been loyally following her around.

"So what happened to your mystery woman?" one photographer was asked.

"Bad ice," he explained loftily. Then Titova stepped up. She is a big, rangy girl, the sort who would be an instant hit in a Chicago roller derby. "I was preparing myself to beat Meyers," she said. She did, of course, in 46.1, scrambling around the rink with long strides, looking vaguely like Fran Tarkenton coming up the middle, and she moved into an unshakable lead.

Full of magic blue pills from the little black bag of Daniel F. Hanley, the team doctor, Holm added her hit to history. "I think Titova is the nicest and prettiest of all the Russians," she said, "but . . ." implying that it is just a matter of time until the two meet on some future ice rink in a duel to the death. This time it was close, at that. Dianne took off and came zinging in, skates flashing, in 46.3.

"Look, two Americans are tied. Isn't that cute?" everybody said. And that left it all up to Jennifer Fish.

She wheeled around in another 46.3 seconds, a clever move, since it knocked the French supply of silver medals all out of kilter and put three wriggling girls on one little step of the most crowd-

ed award stand of the Grenoble Games.

A picture of calm at the post-race conference, Jenny told the European press about the incredible tie. "We planned it that way," she explained. And then she tugged off her skates and wiggled her toes in her chausseuse sweat socks.

Meyers changed into something more girlish and slipped back to the Olympic Village. She left her mother and father standing impatiently in the lobby—they thought they had a date for lunch and called her fiancé, Michael Berger, collect. It was then 5 a.m. in Minneapolis.

"Guess what?" she said.

The next morning, still feeling none too sprightly, Dianne gave the 1,500-meter race a try. Skating in the same heat with the ultimate winner, Kari Mustonen of Finland, she was well beaten and finished 13th. But by Sunday Dianne had finally got the bugs out of her system and the color back into her cheeks. She awoke early and, taking on 28 other girls at 1,000 meters, she skated sturdily a long-striding figure in Yankee blue, both arms flailing at start and finish, one arm behind her back on the long middle haul. Her reward was that little bronze.

But it was the triple tie, of course, that had people talking; the French love weird sports situations and pretty girls. It put everybody in the mood for a big Saturday night. The town dressed up and went out to the figure skating show in the Stade de Glace, the Metropolitan Opera of the Winter Olympics.

It wasn't that Peggy had to worry—well, except perhaps about which costume to wear while she was beating everybody silly. Mom Fleming had whipped up six skating costumes in one week, working through most of the nights sewing on sequins and beads, and Peggy finally settled on a little mini-number in frothy chausseuse chiffon. It goes well with gold medals, for one thing.

For another thing, chausseuse is the local liquor and a color dear to Grenoble's heart. It is bottled at a monastery, and Mom thought the color would be a nice touch. "I mean, because of those monks and all," she said. She had picked out the material at Macy's on the way through New York. "It sort of hit me as soon as I walked into the fabrics department," she said.

And if it hit Mom at Macy's, it positively dazzled everybody at Grenoble.

There were 32 skaters in the event, and the first 21 of them went through a long evening of going out there and warming up the crowd for Peggy.

Still, for all the abandoned applause that greeted her, it was the meanest night of her career. Just as Peggy stepped out on the ice she caught the rhinestones on her sleeve against her beige tights and skated out with the uneasy feeling that she might break into an impromptu striptease in the middle of her number. Further, the Olympic pressure was beginning to get to her.

Peggy followed Czechoslovakia's Hana Maszkova, she of the stunning long legs, who calmly put together a routine full of high, floating leaps and spins.

For a solid gold bet, Peggy's finale was shot full of crises. By the time she was halfway through her routine she had already faltered a few times and her coach, Carlo Fava, had taken to hiding his eyes and groaning on the sidelines. And when she came off the ice, Peggy burst into tears. But she had won handsily with a total score of 1,970.5—which was 83.2 points better than the figures for that chunky East German dish, Gabriele Seyfert, and 141.7 better than Maszkova.

"Boy," said Peggy. "It was all rougher than I thought. I mean, up until tonight I had figured the worst part of the whole thing came a week ago when I came out to practice. All my competitors came around and sat on the edge of the rink and just killed me with piercing looks. I got through that all right, but this was something else."

There was an almost-weepy award ceremony right on the ice. They ran up the U.S. flag and a tape recorder played that unfamiliar Winter Olympics song, *The Star-Spangled Banner*. And after that was over, at a conference attended by European journalism's top girl-watchers, Seyfert and Maszkova sat and glared icily at Peggy. She did not seem to mind. Amid the Alpine disasters the girl skaters had come through.

When the Olympic ice arena emptied Saturday night and the first week of the 10th Winter Games was almost over, there stood Peggy in fluffy chausseuse and wearing her new gold medal. In the crowd were those wild ones—Holm, Meyers and Fish—with their haul of silver, plus one bonus bronze.

Sud Peggy to a friend: "How do you like my new little necklace?" **END**

Her victory was the comely Peggy paired with silver medalist Gaby Seyfert (left) and Hana Maszkova (bronze) on the Stade de Glace rink.

THE SHOE WAS NOT IN THE SADDLE

While his regular jockey, Willie Shoemaker, watched on TV and rested his broken leg, Damascus was taken along the rail by a substitute rider and lost the Strub Stakes by a head to a long shot **by WHITNEY TOWER**



Twenty-four miles from Santa Anita racetrack the diminutive master of a luxury apartment on the 31st floor of a Beverly Hills high rise settled down for a most unlikely Saturday afternoon—at least for him. Only two days home from Inglewood's Daniel Freeman Memorial Hospital, where he had lain restlessly for more than two weeks after a fracture of his right leg, the world's money-winning jockey, William Shoemaker, was going to watch the race of the week on television instead of from his accustomed position aboard a favorite. The race was the \$100,000-added Charles H. Strub Stakes, the mile-and-a-quarter test in which Shoe's regular mount, Mrs. Thomas Bancroft's Horse of the Year, Damascus, was about to go off as the 1-to-5 choice to win his 18th victory in 23 lifetime starts and a pot of \$73,700.

Dressed in checkered trousers, a brown turtleneck sweater and slippers, Shoe took his place a dozen feet from his color-television console, propped his healing leg gently on a large red-white-and-blue stuffed pillow and leaned back. Nearby a gin game was going on among Baby Shoemaker and three of the couple's friends, Eddie Goldstone, Eddie Southerland and Joey Forman. Shortly before 4:30 p.m. the pace of the gin game slackened, Shoe polished off a last bottle of pop and suddenly it was time for the first \$100,000 horse race of the new year. No expression crossed Shoemaker's face. The television voices

and the slap of cards on the gin table provided the only noise 31 floors above Sunset Boulevard.

The 46,653 people at Santa Anita made considerably more noise before, during and after the running of the Strub. Many of them, ever since Shoemaker's fall on January 23, had wondered out loud just how good Damascus was. Most agreed that he was great, following easy victories, guided by Shoemaker, in the Malibu and San Fernando, and some were inclined to go along with Trainer John Longden who said, "He's the greatest horse I've seen since Count Fleet in 1943." Damascus, it appeared, was one horse who could carry his winning form from East to West the way Gun Bow and Buckpasser had before him, instead of duplicating the disappointing invasions of Kelso and Roman Brother. Further, Damascus seemed able to handle any kind of track. But whom would Trainer Frank Whiteley pick to ride Damascus until Shoe returned to action in late summer or fall?

"Well," said Whiteley before announcing a decision, "if I ask for Baeza or one of those boys, you can't be sure of having him steady. They ride for other stables, you know. I rode this boy Ron Turcotte on Damascus once, and he won for me at Delaware Park. I made up my mind then that if anything happened to Shoe I'd use him. The important thing is that he's ridden Damascus before and he is available when I want

him. I know that Ron may not be more than average, but he works hard and he wins his share of races. Sure, he rode a had race on Tom Rolfe in the 1965 Kentucky Derby, but what jock hasn't ridden a bad race in the Derby?"

With his mind made up, Whiteley summoned the Canadian-born, 26-year-old Turcotte from Hialeah on the eve of the Strub. But the race was postponed a week, because of a dispute between horsemen and management, and Turcotte dropped in to see Shoemaker in the hospital before flying back to Miami. "I just told him," Shoe said later, "to ride Damascus like he would any other horse." Under the circumstances, this may not have been the best advice. However, Shoe did add a word of caution when Ron came back to California last week: "On a muddy or slow track at Santa Anita, a horse takes the worst of it on the inside. Keep off the rail if you can, keep out of trouble and Damascus will do the rest."

Last Saturday it seemed that Damascus was willing to do what he was asked, but Turcotte was not. Rain for the better part of two straight days had made the racing strip slow, and most horses on the inside did indeed get all the worst of it. And that is exactly where Turcotte kept Damascus the whole trip, as he lost a head decision to a 12-to-1 shot, Most Host. In 27 starts last season Most Host, a \$30,000 purchase by Mrs. Frank C. Bishop, managed to win five races



and \$44,570, compared to Damascus' 12 victories and \$817,941. Then, in exactly two minutes and four seconds, the little gelding bowled over the champion and started an uproar about the reasons for it. Was it Turcotte's ride or was something wrong with Damascus?

First off, it must be said that the week's delay in the running of this important race definitely dulled Damascus' competitiveness. Second, Bill Harmatz on Most Host rode a faultless race over a track he knows perfectly. Third, Turcotte, clearly on the best horse, failed to use good judgment. On the other hand, Damascus carried top weight of 126 pounds, giving away 12 pounds to the winner, and only lost by a head at a mile and a quarter. He was a tired, beaten horse, but his reputation is diminished very little. Still, as people will say at Santa Anita for years to come, it might have been different if Shoe had been there instead of watching television.

As Track Announcer Joe Hernandez croaked into his microphone, "And there they go," at the start of the Strub, the gin game at the Shoemakers stopped momentarily. "He's No. 1, on the rail at the break," said Shoe as he watched Turcotte take Damascus back immediately in the small six-horse field. Cardplayer Joey Forman said, "Damascus is too far back."

"Don't worry," said Shoe. "I was 18 lengths back in the Travers on an off track and won by 22 lengths. He's all

right." The leaders rolled on, setting a pace of :24 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the first quarter and a slow :48 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the half mile. As they slogged up the backstretch Shoemaker studied them carefully and said in a low tone, "The pace must be slow." It was. They covered six furlongs in 1:13 $\frac{1}{2}$ and the mile in only 1:38 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ron Turcotte, meanwhile, was not having any picnic. In dropping back after a quick break, he elected to stay inside in the heavier going instead of pulling out around the first turn. That may have been his gravest error. For once his rivals had him inside, they weren't going to let him get out. "Going into the half-mile pole," said Turcotte later, "there were these four horses in front of me, and I knew they weren't going to let me out. My only chance was to stay inside and hope to get through."

Shoemaker was observing all this, and as the field went to the half-mile pole he began to get apprehensive. "Clack to him, jock," he said. Turcotte did just that and, as the leaders came out ever so slightly rounding the three-eighths pole, Turcotte and Damascus drove through on the rail. Momentarily the move looked positively brilliant. But almost immediately thereafter, everyone knew that the tiring run on the inside had taken its toll of Damascus' stamina. As Ruken gave way gradually, the race through the stretch belonged to Most Host and Damascus.

The assembled gin players shrieked

at Shoemaker. "He's going to get beat!" Shoe stared into his color set as the pair of front runners, 10 lengths in front of Ruken, fought it out down the stretch. When he saw Turcotte go to left-handed whipping, he groaned, "Uh, uh, this colt doesn't respond so good to a left-handed whip." Damascus didn't. Shoe leaned back despondently. "Well," he said, "that's what weight will do to you. It could have been the combination of the track and the weight, or the left-handed whipping, or just that the other horse is getting better and Damascus is tiring off." Then he added, pensively, "It's hard to say what I would have done out there today."

Two hours later, winning Jockey Bill Harmatz picked up a phone to hear what Shoe thought of the Strub. "Well, Shoe," he said, "I beat your big horse."

"You lucky bum," said Shoe. "If I'd been there you never would have won. That jock started his move at the three-quarter pole. He moved too quick and went inside in the worst going."

"You're right," said Harmatz. "It's the difference in riders. I never saw you push this horse in your life. When he went driving through at the three-eighths pole I knew he couldn't win. At the eighth pole, when I still had a lot of run in my horse, I knew I couldn't lose. I know you wouldn't have ridden him this way. But, remember, old buddy, even a blind hog finds an acorn now and then. Today was my day." **END**

ST. BONA IS A BONNY SURPRISE

Undaunted and thus far underrated, a five-man band of Indians from upstate New York ambushes all enemy forces, while the Brown Berets celebrate the team's victories with funerals and hangings **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

And now, out of nowhere, here come the Brown Indians of St. Bonaventure riding forth from the southern tier of western New York to plunder and defeat the Duquesnes, the Xaviers, the DePauls and all of the other paladins of Catholic basketball in America.

The Brown Indians' home is in the town of Allegany, which is nestled in the foothills of the mountains of similar name, 10 miles above the Pennsylvania state line and, on some maps, just to

the left of Olean, where everybody thinks the Brown Indians' home is. The identity problem is due, mostly, to the Olean Armory, an aging stone fortress that used to accommodate all St. Bonaventure home games on a floor of planks and in an atmosphere of fury. Such specialties of the house did not exactly make for bonhomie with the visiting teams, and St. Bonaventure once won 99 straight there before the building was taken over by Company C, 127th Ar-

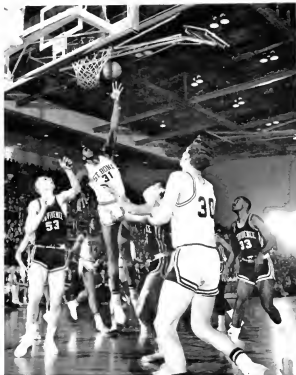
mored Company. This came about when the school at last built its own 5,600-seat, all-purpose University Center on campus, in Allegany.

The memory of the old armory has been revived, however, and this year, wherever the Bonnies play, they carry their heads in the clouds and the winning spirit of Olean like a cudgel. In the University Center and every other arena in which they have appeared so far, the team is undefeated, untied and practically unmoved by it all.

In the arenas where they have not played, the Bonnies remain dangerously underrated. They still are often written off as a team that, like another Bonnie (and Clyde), must manage with strictly a five-man gang. After their 17th straight victory Saturday, an easy 70-56 win over Providence, it was obvious that the five Bonnies create sufficient devastation by themselves to be accorded gold stars.

In the Bonaventure backcourt are the slender upstate Irishmen, red-haired Jim Satalin from Syracuse and blond Billy (The Kid) Kallhaugh from Troy. The forwards are 6' 5" John Hayes of nearby Niagara Falls and 6' 3" Bill Butler, the outlander from Washington. And then, at center, stands 6' 11" sophomore Bob Lanier. Buffalo Bob Lanier, Boh (The Boat) Lanier—a virtual man-child in the promised land, down from the big city 70 miles away, with his 265 pounds and his size 19 sneakers, to give the Bonnies strength and life and lead them against all the world, Catholic and otherwise. Remember these five because, unless the sky falls or the river runs dry, it is likely that St. Bonaventure will finish the regular season at 22-0, surprise the NCAA Eastern Regional Tournament and go on from there to walk with giants.

For a school with 1,800 undergraduates to manage such a record would



Slopping in close, graceful giant Bob Lanier has up a soft hook shot against Providence

normally be considered phenomenal, but St. Bonaventure has been down this road before. In the 1960-61 season Tim Smith and Fred Crawford led the Bonnies to a magnificent 24-4 record. That included a two-point loss in Madison Square Garden to the fine Ohio State team of Lucas-Havlicek-Siegfried, *et al.*, and an NCAA Tournament loss to Wake Forest in Charlotte, N.C. in a game still remembered for its odd officiating and for a Wake Forest fast break started by the coach from his bench.

Since the Smith years, however, St. Bonaventure has been up, down and around with little flair or fanfare, and Olean, a sleepy town of small industry and old faces, has had to content itself with reminiscence and dreams. It was only this year that St. Bonaventure again began to win basketball games with regularity and that stuffed dummies, signifying the team's beaten opponents, again appeared on the 30-foot maple tree in the middle of the campus.

"We wanted to get the hanging tree going once more," says Lou Cullio, the organizer of a campus booster group, the Brown Berets. "They started it in '61 about midseason, but then nobody cared after that year. We all figured this team would be good. Maybe not this good, but good. And we wanted to get up some spirit."

Cullio and the Berets carry the act one step farther this time. They encase a dummy in a real coffin before each home game, then proceed to the tree for hanging ceremonies that are well attended by students and the brown-robed friars.

The team's success has not hurt the communal spirit either. The week following St. Bonaventure's biggest win, a 66-62 decision over Villanova in the Palestra, the Reverend Richard Duncan, rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, was inspired to advertise in his schedule of services, "Keep going, Brown Indians," right in there between "10:00 a.m.—Holy Communion."

The current enthusiasm notwithstanding, it must be recorded that the basketball-willie community of Olean was, surprisingly, unprepared for Bona's record this year.

Lanier had performed well on the freshman team, but he was slow and plodding and, many times when unchallenged, could not bring himself to perform up to his capabilities. Then, over the summer, he lost 20 pounds and

gained so much speed and agility that rival coaches have been comparing him with Lew Alcindor and Elvin Hayes. Though he lacks their experience and still is not as quick, Lanier is probably stronger than either of his rivals. He has an exceptionally soft touch around the basket and is not unwilling to wander the baseline or go 12 feet out for his left-handed bank shots. On defense, he is equally skilled. Although he is averaging 28 points and 16 rebounds and has been up among the national leaders in shooting percentage, his willingness to feed may be his biggest asset.

With Butler and Bonaventure's own Hayes to go with Lanier, the team has tremendous inside scoring strength. Butler, also left-handed and a fine jumper, and Hayes, whose hands are of astounding, bread-loaf size, are at their best in one-on-one moves with their backs to the basket. The Bonnies strive to isolate these men in close on offense.

Defensively, to protect his starting five, Coach Larry Weise favors a 1-2-2 zone at all times. With Lanier guarding the basket, the smaller Bonnies—especially Kalbaugh at the point—are able to gamble and take healthy risks at the perimeter. A team well fortified with outside shooters could conceivably hurt St. Bonaventure. Still, with the zone, the Bonnies hold Niagara's Calvin Murphy, one of the best shooters anywhere, to four baskets until the final two minutes of a 101-72 victory.

"We can be beaten," says Weise, who carries the pressures of his winning streak with no visible tension. "I mean, that isn't any infallible team. We've had a few games that could have gone either way. But anybody who says we're just Lanier and nothing else better look again."

To take the Bonnies as a one-man operation would indeed be folly. In the game that all of them consider their key victory, a road contest at Toledo, Lanier fouled out with 1:27 left in regulation time. St. Bonaventure was down by six points with 45 seconds to go but came on to tie with a basket by Satalin at the buzzer and to win with Butler and Satalin leading the charge in overtime. Against Auburn in the Tampa Invitational, Lanier and Butler both fouled out with

more than three minutes left, but St. Bonaventure held on to win again.

"They could go all the way to the NCAA semifinals," says DePaul's Ray Meyer, whose team was beaten by the Bonnies 77-67. "Lanier is obviously a superplayer, but Butler roams around inside, looking for shots, and he may be even more dangerous. The whole team is so unselfish. If you go tight underneath, they just throw it out to the guards, and they kill you."

Similar recognition from other teams is just now beginning to greet the Bonnies, whose dispositions were evidently strained by early-season disdain of their capabilities. "At the start I looked at the schedule and didn't see anybody we should really love to," says Satalin. "But then nobody rated us. Now everyone says, 'Who's St. Bonaventure?' Whom have they played? It starts to get to you. We're all anticipating a bid from the NCAA. Then, if we mess it up, it's our own fault. But I don't think we will."

For now the Irish guards in backcourt and the smooth left-handers up front and the "other" Hayes can all take comfort for their future in the very name of the school they represent. Old Bonaventure certainly didn't take a name meaning "good things to come" for nothing. He made saint with it himself. **END**

BY



Before the game Brown Berets carry a coffin with Providence dummy. Hanging comes later.



Whether sermonizing in California or at home, Muhammad Ali is still as controversial and colorful as he ever was in the ring—to which, he promises, he will return a winner from 'Alcatraz' by **TEX MAULE**

FOR ALI, A TIME TO PREACH

Muhammad Ali, ne Cassius Clay, who is the heavyweight champion of the world to everyone but a few misguided officials of the World Boxing Association and Madison Square Garden, spends his time these days laboriously preparing lectures or exuberantly giving them. He lives in a small house in what was a middle-class white section of Chicago but is now rapidly becoming a middle-class Negro section.

On a cold, wet afternoon a fortnight ago he sat at the dining room table in the house he bought from Herbert Muhammad, his manager. He was wearing a dark blue undershirt, blue jeans and white sweat socks, and before him on the table were a Bible, a Koran and a book by Elijah Muhammad, *Message to the Black Man in America*. On the floor was a tape recorder loaded with a tape of a speech Elijah had made in Chicago to his Black Muslim followers some

time before. Ali has nearly a hundred of these tapes, which he plays over and over, making notes on what Elijah says.

He had been transcribing notes from a long yellow legal pad to three-by-five cards, in preparation for a lecture, and now he stopped and stretched hugely. The muscles in his arms and shoulders are immense, the mature Ali is a big man, bigger than Sonny Liston ever was.

"I been up since 5:30," he said. "Been working on this lecture I got to give at UCLA. This one runs 54 cards and I can hold an audience spellbound for a hour and a half with it."

He rifled through the cards admiringly, stopping now and again to read a phrase.

"I got six lectures I can give now," he said. "Took me 2½ months' hard work to get them ready. Sometimes I get up at 5:30 in the morning, work straight through to 3:30 the next morn-

ing and get mad cause I can't keep my eyes open to study more. I didn't study too good in high school and now I'm ashamed and I'm making up for it. I find a word I don't know, I look it up in the dictionary."

He regarded the top card of the 54 and began reading from it. At first he read in a quick monotone, but quickly the charm of his own prose and his extraordinary sense of the dramatic took hold and in a few moments he was delivering what amounted to a sermon. He has the same flair as a speaker that he has as a fighter.

"Take Lazarus," he said, staring hypnotically across the room as if he were addressing a multitude. "He was charmed by the wealth of the rich man. He didn't get any of it but he loved to be around it, loved to see it and feel it and smell it. Even when he was offered a home in paradise, he couldn't bear to

leave all that wealth behind him. And Lazarus was *hated and despised* by the rich men."

He broke off suddenly and grinned.

"I got to get this down like I did boxing," he said. "Got to have the power and the speed and the stamina. I haven't got this lecture memorized yet, but I will by the time I have to give it."

He leafed through the Bible on the table, stopping occasionally to read a sentence or two.

"I'm going through the Bible looking for parables and comparing it with the Koran," he said. "Then I read Elijah Muhammad's book and I take what I understand out of that and that's how I get the subjects for my lectures. Like I find a parable about the wolf and the sheep trying to integrate together and I find other things to go with that, maybe out of some of these tapes of Elijah's. The time has come now for the black man to help the black man. The Negro needs a program of self-development and I'm developing myself now."

He paused to reflect upon this.

"Integration," he said. "It's like that wolf and sheep trying to integrate together. God didn't mean it that way. He made brown and black and red and yellow and white and meant them to be separate. Like I saw a little red ant wandering around on the ground. Maybe he was lost or maybe he was looking for something to eat. Anyway, he walked into a nest of black ants, and the next thing you know they carried him out of their nest *dead*. Red ants stay with red ants, black with black. Sharks stay together, dolphins stay together. You don't see them trying to integrate. You say maybe in another 5,000 years or so all the races going to be the same, but it ain't so. You say we'll all be the same color, maybe the color of that dog's ear over there." He pointed to a small stuffed dog with long honey-colored ears.

"I don't want to be that color," he said vehemently. "And I don't want my children to be that color. A man naturally wants his children to look just like him. I don't want no child with a speckled black and white skin and blue eyes and you don't want no black child. You want your child to look like *you*."

He turned toward the door to the kitchen and called out: "Belinda! Come here, wife, I want you to meet someone."

Belinda came into the dining room

shyly. She was wearing the ankle-length dress the Muslims prescribe for their women, but even the voluminous folds of that garment could not conceal the fact that she is pregnant.

"I got a 17-year-old wife, she been watching me since she was 13," Ali said proudly. "She been trying to act like me all that time. She even looks like me, same color and everything."

"Ali!" Belinda cried, feeling her face tentatively as if she could discover any resemblance by touch. "I'm prettier," she said. She was right.

She returned to the kitchen and Ali went on.

"Now in about five months we're gonna have a child, maybe two. Doctor says she maybe going to have twins. But the child is gonna look like me, cause its mother looks like me. And that's the way I want it and that's the way any man wants it."

He picked up another stack of cards from the table and glanced through them. "Here's a lecture I made up proving God is a human being," he said. "Christians say God is a mystery. The dictionary say a mystery is something that is unknown. And the Christians divide God up into three parts—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—contrary to the laws of nature and mathematics. Call Him a spirit. Can a spirit talk to us in His own language? They call Him a spirit but they call Him He, His, Him. He walks and talks and sits. Elijah Muhammad teaches God is a man and we are made in His image."

He put the cards down.

"Takes me at least six days to make an outline," he said. "Hard work, 16, 18 hours a day. But this is all I want. If I was walking down the highway with a quarter in my pocket and a briefcase full of truth, I'd be so happy. This is eternal work. If someone told me tomorrow that he would guarantee me the heavyweight championship for the next 15 years, five fights a year, half a million dollars after taxes from each fight, or he would make me a well-versed minister of Elijah Muhammad making \$200—or \$150—a week, I'd be a minister. And not because I'm already a rich man, because I'm not."

He opened a notebook and began to write down figures.

"Here's where it all went," he said.

"First wife, she cost me \$125,000 with lawyers' fees and all. Then I've spent

probably \$45,000 helping my mother and father. Bought them a house and I gave my mother a Cadillac, too. My brother, he's trying to get a little house. I've spent \$25,000 on him. I paid Covington [Hayden Covington, the attorney who represented him in his case with the draft board] \$68,000 and he say I owe him another \$200,000. Other lawyers, \$50,000. My home cost about \$26,000 and I spent another \$35,000 getting it all fixed up, say a total of \$75,000. Cars, \$45,000. Then my own personal use, maybe \$30,000, not much because you never saw me drink or smoke or party. After a fight it was just me and a few friends sitting around and talking about the fight."

He added the figures up and said, "All that comes to \$463,000. Now, in all my years of fighting, my share of the purses came to \$2,300,000, and the government took about 90% of that in taxes. All my taxes are paid up. But you can see that don't leave me much."

If the government did, indeed, take 90% of Ali's earnings, his calculations leave him some \$233,000 in the hole.

"People ask me, 'Champ, how you gonna eat?'" he went on. "I say, look out there at that little robin pecking and eating. Look up at all the stars and the planets in the heaven. They are not held up there on the end of long steel poles. The Lord holds them in their orbits and the Lord feeds the birds and the animals. If the Lord has this power, will the Lord let His servant starve, let a man who is doing His work go hungry? I'm not worried. The Lord will provide."

Ali has another hearing in his long battle with the draft board set for next week in Houston. He has appealed for reclassification on the grounds that he is a minister and a conscientious objector to war. He is not specifically concerned with the war in Vietnam.

"I'm against *all* war," he said. "I'm not following anybody. I said this before all this draft-card burning stuff. I still got my draft card. I made a speech at a white college in Buffalo, N.Y. and when I got to the room where I was gonna talk they had 34 signs stuck up on the walls and behind the platform. Signs said things like 'LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?' So I told the man who invited me there I wouldn't talk until they took all the signs down. They took them down. I'm not criticizing the government. I'm asking to

continue

give me justice. I'm against all war."

If Ali's appeals fail, he faces up to five years in the penitentiary, and he considers this possibility with philosophical calm.

"The Koran says you must be tested," he said. "God will try you. He tried Job and He tried Abraham and He tried Elijah Muhammad, too. Elijah spent three years in prison during the war, studying. If I was in jail tomorrow, I'd study and preach to the other prisoners. The loneliness and the confinement and the food, that would all be a test. But a man who believes in a Supreme Being does not fear."

He shrugged the huge shoulders and smiled. "I'm prepared," he said. "I'm thinking ahead. You see that pretty young wife. I'll have one child, maybe two before I go to jail. Then, during the years I'm in jail, they'll be getting bigger, so when I get out I'll already have them and I won't be starting at 30. And my wife will still be young."

"I don't know if I'll be able to fight," Ali said. "I mean I'll have to see what the food is like. Right now I'm 219, so I'm not far out of shape. I work so hard on these sermons and studying. I don't have time to do any exercise. The other day I ran four miles just to check my wind, and my wind was good but I got awful tired. If it was urgent, I could get in fighting shape in maybe three weeks. Seven weeks would be better."

Ali feels that Jimmy Ellis is the best of the pretenders to his throne.

"He used to give me hell for four or five rounds in the gym," he said. "He moves good, hits good with the right hand. And he's had all that experience as my sparring partner. He can whip the other ones. Joe Frazier? He's like this."

Ali got up and imitated Frazier, moving in with his hands up near his face.

"He gets hit," he said. "Jerry Quarry I don't know," he said. "But I think Ellis will beat him."

He was up now, moving around the living room, shadowboxing.

"People criticize me for holding my hands down," he said, holding his hands down. "Defense ain't in the hands. It's here in the legs."

"Move, move," he said, moving. "Stay just out of range." He held his hand up six inches from his nose.

"Here's where a man can reach," he said. "Move, make him miss, move in, pow, pow, move out. Long as I know how far he can reach, I'm going to be so far away. Don't make any difference where my hands are. You notice, if I get in trouble, I get my hands up." He brought his hands up by his face and ducked and weaved, watching himself in the living room's wall-size mirror.

After a moment he sat down on a long couch facing the mirror and a built-in color television set. A cartoon featur-

ing the Road Runner was on and he watched it for a moment.

"That's cute," Ali said. "I like that. Always trying to catch the Road Runner and never getting him. It's cute."

The phone rang and he picked it up and listened a moment. "Sell it," he said. "It isn't doing me any good."

He hung up and turned away from the TV set. "That's my hus," he said. "I paid \$14,000 for it and it's been in the garage for six months. I got no use for it. Man offered me \$12,000 and I might as well take it."

He got up and went into the kitchen and made himself a cheese sandwich, which he ate with great gusto.

"I only eat one meal a day," he said. "Since I don't get much exercise, I got to watch it. I don't eat beef. I eat lots of fish. Beef brings up the animal instinct in a man. I eat beef when I'm fighting."

A stairway leads down from the kitchen to a den in the basement of the house. The floor of the den is cluttered with the remnants of Ali's days of glory—a pair of boxing gloves, a big scrapbook, two suitcases full of letters he has received from Muslims all over the world. He looked at the disarray.

"This is my past," he said. "All of it down here, out of the way. Here's my shoes. Boxing gloves. Things like that I got no use for now. They won't let me fight here and they won't give me my passport to fight anywhere else. If I was a cab driver I could drive my cab while I'm waiting on this case. I got a million dollars in contracts in Europe, but they won't let me go. They think I'm going to run away? This is my country. I got 22 million people suffering here. I'm not about to go away and never come back to America."

Back upstairs in the living room, he stood and began to dance in the effortless, fluid style that distinguished him as a fighter. He jabbed and moved sideways, avoiding a glass-topped coffee table in front of the couch.

"He does that all the time," said Belinda, who had just entered the room. She added, "One of these days he's gonna break my mirror doing that."

Ali stopped for a moment, then held his hand up dramatically.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he intoned. "Here we are in Yankee Stadium and every seat is filled. And in this corner, at 223 pounds, right out of Alcatraz, is



THE CHAMPION IS CROOKED BY HIS WIFE BELINDA, WHO WEARS MUSLIM DRESS



Scottish landowners grow accustomed to raising sheep and drinking Scotch. After all, the tradition of raising the one and downing the other goes back more than 400 years.

HIS ANCESTORS HAD TO ACQUIRE A TASTE FOR SCOTCH. AND HE DID TOO. BUT NOW YOU DON'T.

For generations there have been dyed-in-the-wool Scotch drinkers who had to work to acquire a taste for Scotch.

They liked the idea of

Scotch. But the taste took some getting used to.

Well, if you're one of these people, maybe you ought to try 100 Pipers Scotch by Seagram.

It tastes good the first time you try it.

See for yourself.

Now you can stop drinking Scotch because it's a habit.

And start drinking it because it's a pleasure.

100 PIPERS
SCOTCH BY SEAGRAM



Cadillac owners look a little younger these days. The 1968 Cadillac has already proved to be the most popular luxury car ever built. More and more young people, and those who are young in heart as well, are getting with and staying with Cadillac. It's easy to see why. Distinctive Cadillac styling expresses elegance and grace poised for action, and this promise is fulfilled by brilliant performance from a totally new engine—the largest, smoothest V-8 ever put into a production passenger car. To feel the youthful spirit of this beautiful car you must drive it. Visit your dealer soon.

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD



Muhammad Ali. He is 31 years old, and can he still have that same old power and speed after five years in prison?"

He changed to Muhammad Ali and stood up, shaking his hands over his head.

"And in this corner," he said, again the announcer, "we got Joe Frazier. He been the heavyweight champion for five years and he has won 13 straight fights and he is a young man. Can he beat Ali, the real champion?"

He pantomimed ringing a bell and came out of his corner moving sideways, fast, around the living room, pumping his left hand with wonderful speed.

"Ali sticking and moving," he said. "Pow, pow, he hit Frazier with two left jabs. He's moving and sticking. Pow, pow, pow, he hit Frazier three more lefts. He's in and out. He missed a right!" Ali threw a clumsy overhand right.

"Now he's sticking and moving some more," he said, sticking and moving. "Frazier hit him in the stomach with a right hand. Frazier moving in on him. Oh, oh! Frazier hit him in the head with a right hand and Ali is down!"

He fell on his stomach, shaking the house, and began to count dramatically.

"One, two, three," he had reached his hands and knees and was shaking his head dazedly. "Four, five, six," now on one knee but obviously hurt. "Seven, eight," he was up, wobbly.

"Referee wiping off Ali's gloves," he said. "And here Frazier come after Ali, but Ali is moving and sticking again."

Ali began to move and stick, getting stronger and quicker, and by the time he rang the imaginary bell to end the round he was clearly in control again.

The second round did not last long.

"Ali looks like the old Ali," he said. "Pow, pow, pow, pow! Four left jabs to Frazier's head. Pow, pow, pow, pow, pow!" He pumped blows with both hands as fast as he could punch. "A machine gun combination! Frazier is hurt! POW! Ali hit him with a left hook! POW! And a right hook! POW! POW! A right and a left to the head and Frazier is down!"

He danced back to a neutral corner and counted slowly to six.

"Frazier is up and Ali is after him," he said, going after the phantom Frazier. "He's got him backed into a corner. Pow, pow, pow, pow, pow, pow, POW! Frazier is helpless." He backed away from the corner between the mir-



SHOOTING EM UP ON HOLLYWOOD LOT, ARISTOCRATIC ALI BURSTS FROM SALOON DOOR

ror wall and the front window and held up his right hand.

"They stopping the fight," he said. "And still champion of the world Muhammad Ali!"

He was puffing slightly and sweating and Belinda regarded him with a wife's jaundiced eye. "He's always doing that," she said. "He's crazy."

Later, in his car driving toward downtown Chicago, Ali was relaxed and becoming sleepy.

Someone asked if he ever thought of himself as Cassius Clay and he shook his head.

"Cassius Clay?" he said as if it were the name of someone dimly recalled from his childhood. "Now and then someone call me Cassius Clay, but they don't mean harm by it. I don't make a thing of it unless it's on national television with millions watching, then I

correct them. But most of the time I let it go, cause if I gave everyone who does it a lecture I wouldn't have much time to do anything else."

He pulled into a service station and a small, middle-aged black man came out.

"What can I do for you?" he said and did an exaggerated double take. He peered doubtfully for a moment.

"You Cassius Clay?" he asked.

Ali grinned and nodded, then said, "What's my name?"

The little man slapped his fist into his palm and thought for a moment. Then his face brightened.

"Allah," he said. "Allah."

"Muhammad Ali," Ali said gently.

"Muhammad Ali. That's who I am. The preacher."

That's who he is. And he is still the heavyweight champion.

END



DESIGN FOR SPORT

VARIATIONS ON AN ISOSCELES THEME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. HENRY

Charles Brewer is a vacation-house architect with a new kind of roof over his head, a roof composed of triangular modules, instead of rafters and sheathing. The isosceles triangles are strong, inexpensive stressed-skin panels, 12 feet at the base and eight feet high, prefabricated of fir structural members and plywood, bonded together like a Head ski. Brewer's houses combine these triangles into a remarkable domestic geometry of gables and slanting walls. His own ski house, in Vermont, shown on these pages, was built for \$10 a square foot. The panels sweep down to windows set directly into the floor. In Connecticut he has adapted the system to a boat-loving family's waterside house (pages 34, 35) that is something else again.



The sharp jut of the roof is well suited to the snow conditions of southern Vermont, where Charles and Cornelia Brewer (left) and the children spend weekends skiing.

The concrete chimney in living room (below), decorated with friends' initials, is strategically placed to block the cold air that comes from the door directly behind.



The Vermont-slate floor is always warm—a cheap, efficient radiant heating system buried beneath it heats the house in the depths of winter for \$52 a month.

CONTINUED





DESIGN FOR SPORT continued



Waterside house (left) owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith Richardson Jr. works for a family with six children and four boats. There are three fireplaces, three staircases and six bedrooms, each with a deck and a view of Long Island Sound. The children's room (above) has four bunks on the upper level, behind the flag at right. Walls, inside and out, are of local stone combined with South Carolina cypress.

The living room (right) is divided into two areas by a gold-colored stone fireplace that opens on each side. A quiet corner, where Adele Richardson is playing the guitar, is lit by a triangular skylight. Four Richardson children play Monopoly on the living-room deck (below). A system of decks leads down to the pier and dock, where the family keeps its fleet of boats. Golf and tennis are just across the water.



Modern civilization does a flake-out at the sight of deep snow, but needlessly. There is a fine method for getting around in a blizzard, whether your destination happens to be Get Holler or a liquor store

by **BIL GILBERT**

THE ONLY WAY TO STAY ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Every winter a few pairs of snowshoes appear in the display windows of the better-class sports shops. There, artistically crossed, they serve as props, drawing attention to and presumably increasing the sales of wolfskin *apré-ski* parkas. Characters in woodsy-craftsy comic strips and Sunday afternoon hairy-adventure-type TV dramas occasionally wear snowshoes. In point of cold fact, a pair of elegantly shellacked bear-paws hang on a knotty-pine wall of a rustic recreation room in the suburbs of Atlanta, Georgia. I have seen them.

Like the buffalo, an animal whose heyday was contemporaneous with them, most snowshoes in most places now lead a protected, artificial, museum-piece existence. They are kept around for symbolic reasons, to suggest for advertising or darker purposes that which is antique and arctic. Just as it is rare to encounter anyone who shot a buffalo out of a Pullman window, so it is becoming increasingly uncommon to meet anyone who can seriously accept the proposition that snowshoes were once commonplace tools, absolutely essential to life above the 43rd parallel.

This credibility gap is caused by the fact that our exposure to the natural habitat of the snowshoe has markedly



declined. A snowshoe makes a lot of sense to a man who finds himself knee-deep or better in soft snow. Having little experience with this sort of environment, or winter itself for that matter, we have difficulty seeing the snowshoe as anything but a mythic, vaguely comical device on the order of the broadsword, soapstone bed warmer or copper still.

All of which is not to get into a digressive argument about the effects on the weather of nuclear testing, pesticides or psychedelic songs. Without doing extensive meteorological research the assumption is that there is about as much snow in the same places as there ever was. The point is that we are no longer where the snow is. Despite our vaunted conquest of nature, the last several decades have been marked by, among other things, an almost total surrender to winter. Nowadays when a gentle blizzard deposits a measly foot of snow on the ground we don't fight it, we run away. We shut down streets, schools and offices, withdraw into our centrally heated caves and wait for the sun, mercenary or mechanized snow shovelers and the governor's emergency proclamation to take effect. Abjectly, we have abandoned the ancient struggle against the troubles of snow. Like a tribe that pays tribute so

as to be left in comfort, we have laid aside our arms against snow; such as the long-handled, drop-seated woolen underwear and the snowshoes with which our forefathers opposed the sleets and airs of outrageous winter. However, once in a long while, we are forced to think about the old ways and old wisdom. To wit:

ON LIFE IN WAYNESBORO, VA.
A METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

During a recent February another antediluvian type and myself stopped by to spend a night with some friends who live a mile or so outside Waynesboro, a Shenandoah Valley town. Since we planned to go out for a few days hiking along the crest of the Blue Ridge, we had brought along our snowshoes. On our arrival, these shoes drew a lot of "It's-too-early-for-tennis" remarks. (Non-snowshoers feel obligated to exploit this vein of humor, apparently under the assumption it is virgin, in the same way short men are forever asking basketball players "How's the weather up there?") However, through an act of Providence, we shortly got complete revenge. That afternoon it began to snow. It continued to snow all night, and then it began to blow.

By morning the freak storm had laid down 16 inches of the cold white, and drifts across roads and against doors were six feet deep. Radio announcers, in an ecstasy of panic, began to report lost buses, old ladies marooned on their way to bird feeders, canceled church suppers, the collapse of transportation, education, industry, of civilization itself.

Our friends were skiers, having, as so many Southerners recently have, picked up the habit on the little hummocks of granulated, machine-produced ice that entrepreneurs are piling up all over Dixie. Two of the children, bright little tykes, immediately were struck by the similarity between the stuff that had fallen from the sky and snow that is blown out of nozzles. They reasoned they might even ski on this substance. To test this hypothesis they harnessed up and went outside. Since the drifts were light as well as deep, the children almost immediately disappeared, looking on the way down like small dinosaurs with sticks tied on their feet sinking into a white tar pit.

"Well," said our hostess after retrieving her offspring. "I guess there is nothing to do but wait it out. The worst of it is I was going to the liquor store this morning."

Thereupon my friend and I grinned slyly, like yetis who had just swallowed a party of *National Geographic* photographers. We strapped on our snowshoes and, purely for display, did a few turns over a drift that covered the mailbox and a Volkswagen. Shortly thereafter, neighbors began thrusting upon us pitiful little lists of things they had forgotten at the liquor store and making inquiries about where they could get snowshoes, the utility of which had suddenly become obvious.

A HISTORY FROM EARLIEST TIMES.
THE ILLUSION OF OBSCURENESS

Instructive as the scene in Waynesboro was, it certainly was not an original one, having most probably taken place at least once before, a long, long time before, somewhere in north-central Asia. There, one winter day, marooned in his hole or cave, a harassed householder must have shouted at his muse. "As long as you're up, get me the tennis rackets and some string. I got to get down to the kavaesse store or I'll go out of my skull." Thus, the first snowshoes and snowshoer.

continued



Exactly when this took place is a matter of dispute among the archeologists and anthropologists, but it certainly occurred a far piece back in prehistory, perhaps four or five thousand years ago. There is evidence that for almost as long as men have been trying to live in snow and have had sufficient wit to realize it was easier to go over the top of it than walk through it, they have been tying things to their feet in order to spread their weight on the surface.

From its apparently Asian point of origin, the snowshoe spread in both directions around the subpolar latitudes. Eastward, to the American continent, the snowshoe retained its original characteristics, a frame lashed with a webbing of leather, horn or baling. To the west, in Scandinavia and the rest of northern Europe, where there is a lot of wood and open, easy slopes, that strange special-use version of the snowshoe, the ski, evolved.

From the southern Appalachians and Rockies to the Arctic, the traditional open snowshoe was most widely developed and used by the North American Indians. Eskimos, the most boreal people of all, got the snowshoe last. Being aquatic hunters, they had little use for it. Eventually they borrowed the idea from either the Indians or Mark Trail. While every Indian tribe made certain adjustments as to style and materials, there were and remain two basic types of snowshoes. The first and oldest is the bear-paw, an oval to oblong contraption. The second, which palefaces now call the Maumee or Michigan model, is a bear-paw with a solid wooden tail added. The tail acts somewhat like a rudder, making for faster, easier travel if one plans on going in more or less a straight line and not meeting many obstacles. The disadvantage of the tail is that it gets in the way, making the shoe harder to manage in tight places. Therefore the bear-paw has always been the tool of choice for getting about in woody, swampy, rocky, steep country.

Despite its antiquity and the wonders of modern technology, the snowshoe remains virtually the only way to move in the kind of rough country for which it was designed. It is true that should you wish to go from Sault Ste. Marie to Hudson Bay on a winter's day, the way to travel would be by airplane. Or if you want to see how fast you can go, or how much you can carry across a fro-

zen lake or through open woodland, get yourself a snowmobile. However, if you have reason to poke around in the deep woods or have business in places—and there are many—where snowmobiles flounder, the thing to do is what people have been doing for 5,000 years: strap on your bear-paw.

As for snowshoes being displaced by skis, this is like arguing that the invention of the Bloody Mary has made tomato juice obsolete. It is true that many more people now ski than snowshoe, but this goes back to our desire to escape winter rather than deal with it. Tastes may have changed but not the laws of physics. The ski is an ideal instrument for one who wants to vent the snow as a tourist but not become involved in all that cold. From a warm ski lodge one can make a quick dash to a conveyor belt that will take him to the top of a hill, down which he can slide quickly on a path that a bulldozer operator has scraped clean. For bolder spirits there is, of course, "cross-country" skiing, a thing you can do without the conveyor but for which a trail is still required. Unlike snowshoers, skiers are neither equipped nor inclined to deal with the nutty grit of winter.

Such acconlastic theories can be easily and absolutely proved. Take, for example, any bit of mountain (a sawn-log hog or a thick spruce forest will do as well) that has not been scraped and prepared for commercial skiing, which is still full of brush, windblows, gulches, rocks and ledges. At the bottom, put as strong a skier as you can catch outside a lodge on a pair of skis and any old broken-down snowshoer on a pair of bear-paws. Then ask them to go to the top of the mountain and come back. It is not simply that the snowshoer will get back before the skier every time, but that the skier most of the time won't make it at all unless he is bright enough to remove the cumbersome boards from his feet. The snowshoer will go up easier and faster than the skier, but his superiority will be even greater on the downhill obstacle course because of additional control and maneuverability.

Snowshoeing is not only a practical way to get about at certain times and in certain places but also an easy, uncomplicated means of travel. Anyone who has learned to walk can learn to snowshoe in a couple of tries. The gait is

simpler to learn than describe, being a peculiar cross between a shuffle and a slow jog. One of the mysteries involved is that anybody who because of age, fat, cigarettes and other infirmities would have difficulty running half a mile can trot some miles on snowshoes without undue pain or strain. Perhaps it is the heel-against-webbing springing one gets, or maybe it is nothing more than the temporarily stimulating effect of cold air on the lungs.

CAT HOLLER IS WARMLY DESCRIBED
AND HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

On the west side of the Appalachian spur on which I live is a complex of deep ravines, scree slides, dense laurel and greenhrier thickets known as Cat Holler. It is a place I go to only the day after a blizzard. Sloth rather than aesthetics is the governing consideration. At any other time of year, because of the treacherous, rotten rock, and the intricately interwoven, grabbing, garroting underbrush, penetrating Cat Holler requires the most strenuous sort of work. But when the thickets and slides are covered with sufficient snow you can walk over them on snowshoes like a water strider over the surface of a pond.

Unanswered, of course, is the question of why anyone wants to go into a place like Cat Holler at any time or in any weather. In my case, for reasons that waver erratically between vocational and avocational, I like to check up on how things are going with the animals who live there. (A lot of them do. Because of its normal inaccessibility, Cat Holler is a small natural sanctuary.) Snowshoeing through or over the usually impassable ravines is an efficient way of satisfying this curiosity. Also, it is a pleasure in and of itself. The pleasure is somewhat comparable to that of skin diving, sailplaning or rubber rafting down a fast river. There is a sense of freely floating, drifting without much effort through a strange, rare world.

You should start into Cat Hollerish places early in the morning before sun and wind have changed the snow patterns made the night previously. Go with a copy of Olaus Murie's *A Field Guide to Animal Tracks*, with two hard-boiled eggs, a thermos of tea-rum mix and an open mind. The first purposeful tracks you come across, say those of a rabbit, follow. He sacked out for a few hours under the upturned roots of a

continued

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windfallen pine. He had a spot of black-bird buds near a seepage spring and at the edge of a thicket beyond the seep made his last hop. The tracks end in a tuft of fur, a few drops of blood and a scuffed place in the snow. On each side of the scuff marks are faint lines brushed into the snow by the wing tips of a great horned owl.

The rabbit story having ended, pick up another one, that of a fox, bobcat or deer. Who went where, hunting, hunted, walking, running, sporting, courting, can be read from the record in the snow more quickly and accurately than in any other way. It is a remarkably pleasant and instructive way to spend a day.

For these reasons and others, the snowshoe still has, here and there, an existence outside window displays and recreation rooms. Some people still use them for pleasure and utility. The occasional timber cruiser, hunter, fur trapper, geologist or biologist who finds it worth his while to travel where snowmobiles cannot will pack a pair of snowshoes. Mountain climbers use them, often with a set of crampons attached. And in odd, drifted places throughout the North you will find not but not disorganized people padding over the snow for no better or worse reason than that they enjoy it.

Also, as with other tools which we hold in nostalgic regard, such as the canoe, bow and arrow, long rifle and lariat, a sanctuary in organized sport has been found for the snowshoe. Converting it to competition is done simply by holding a winter track meet, requiring contestants to wear snowshoes and adjusting the stopwatch accordingly. (The world record for the 100-yd snowshoe dash is 12.2 seconds.) Schools in the north occasionally stage these events, but the real preserve of the sport and of the snowshoe itself is found within the 100 or so clubs of the *Congrès International Des Raquetteurs*.

MAXIMAL CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGY AND RADICAL PSYCHOLOGY

Despite the worldly ring of the official title, all the clubs that make up the *Congrès* are located in Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan or the New England states. On each side of the border, membership in the clubs is almost exclusively French-Canadian, as the names of the groups might indicate. There is for example *Le Jeune d'Arc* (Manchester,

N.H.), *La Feuille d'Érable, Inc.* (Montreal), *La Taque Rouge* (Sherbrooke, Que.), *Le Fleur de Lys* (Ottawa), *Les Amis Choix, Inc.* (Hull, Que.), *Le Vite la Joie* (St. Hyacinthe, Que.), and so forth.

Many of these clubs perform some of the same functions that elsewhere are handled by the AAU, AFL-CIO, Israeli Walton League, Rotary, Knights of Pythias, Daughters of the American Revolution, Tammany Hall, Community Chest, Holiday Inn, Social Register, the Chowder and Marching Society and the French Secret Service. In Quebec and northern Maine, which is the heartland of the phenomena, the snowshoe clubs come close to being an independent subculture.

A point which may seem tangential is really central to understanding snowshoers and their way of life. Members as members never appear in public and seldom in private - except in full uniform. The uniform is essential, in fact no uniform, no club. And it is owned not by the individual but by the club. "How, if she does not own the uniform, does the club control the member?" rhetorically asks Lionel Beaulieu, President of *Le Club Chaudière* (Hull, Que.). "She must be able to say here is your uniform. Or that you cannot have the uniform for failure to perform in accordance to regulation."

The basic club uniform is a stocking cap with a pompon (the *tuque*), a lumber-jacket style coat belted with a full sash, knicker-like pants, heavy socks and ankle-high moccasins. To this each club adds distinctive stylistic touches, fringes, frills, broods, piping and its own colors. The colors are traditionally wild, running to emerald green, azure, fire red, chocolate, canary yellow, deep purple, shocking pink and combinations and permutations thereof.

The rainbow-hued uniforms are just the beginning. Each snowshoe club, each snowshoe region, the two national associations (Canadian and American) and the international congress is empowered to hand out an almost unlimited variety of badges, ribbons, medals and plaques suitable for wearing on a uniform. These are given freely to members who have been such things as sergeants at arms or corresponding secretaries, and to other officers who have organized ladies' auxiliaries or faithfully attended meetings. A fully decorated

member who has done nothing much more than stay alive and pay his club dues for a decade or so will jangle, sparkle and flutter in a way that would make a Balkan admiral sick with envy.

Though not as absolutely necessary as the uniforms, most of the clubs have a permanent headquarters, ranging from a favorite tavern or room in a member's home to elaborate clubhouses that amount to private hotels. Nor are the clubrooms simply places where a few members gather now and then to shellac snowshoes or sew on badges. On a Monday evening the club's marching



ODD SIGHTS ARE SEEN ON SNOWSHOES

band may meet for practice. On Tuesday there will be a square dance, on Wednesday, bowling and on Thursday a little discussion about free and independent Quebec. Friday is party night, and on Saturday those who can stand the pace might actually go out for some snowshoeing.

This may seem to suggest in the last analysis that popular snowshoeing has much in common with skiing after all, but I demur. Woody-crafty types, among whose ranks I guess I must be counted, may not share the same enthusiasms as the badge-collecting element of the snowshoe set, but we're in the same racket and we're proud of it. Any form of sport that can get you to Cat Holter and the liquor store when nobody else can make it has virtues that are unassailable.

END



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Tall tale and true

Exhibition bridge matches not directly connected with national and international team championships are playing an increasingly important role in the programs of top players. Recently a powerful American team went on a three-week bridge safari to South Africa, where it swept the board in matches against seven different teams and won two other events. The Americans included Peter Pender, the 1966 McKenney winner, and five other stars with considerable world championship experience: Dorothy Hayden, B. Jay Becker, Peter Leventritt, Billy Seamon and the big man of bridge, 6-foot-7 Bill Root. Although Root stands out in any crowd—Margaret Wagar, looking vainly for her partner in a milling mob just before the beginning of a Mixed Pair Championship, once mourned, "I wish I were playing with Bill Root"—his height, his reputation as a teacher and his patience in the shadow of mercenary Alvin Roth tend to obscure the fact that he is a superb player indeed. He will play with Roth in the 1968 Olympiad.

South African observers rated this deal as the best played in the entire three weeks of bridge action:

<i>Book dealer</i>		NORTH	
<i>Valuable</i>		♦ A 5 3	
<i>East dealer</i>		♥ 5	
		♦ A K J 10 6 5	
		♣ J 10 6	
		WEST	
		♦ Q 5	
		♥ A K J 8 4 2	
		♥ 7 4	
		♣ K 7 5	
		SOUTH	
		♦ K 10 8 6 2	
		♥ Q 9 7 6 3	
		♥ 8	
		♣ A 4	
EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
(Dr. Alapine) (Root)		(Dr. Turecki)	(Seamon)
PASS	PASS	1 ♥	3 ♦
PASS	2 ♦	PASS	3 ♦
PASS	4 ♦	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: king of hearts.

Psychiatrist Stan Turecki and Physician David Klugman make up one of South Africa's strongest pairs, and Root had to operate against keen defense. West continued with the heart ace at trick two as the move best calculated to prevent Root from setting up dummy's diamonds. Dummy had to ruff, and Klugman overruffed, returning the 3 of clubs, which Root won with the ace.

At this point it would take a computer to calculate the combined odds on splitting the trumps, splitting the diamonds, dropping the diamond queen in two leads, making the contract even if East had started with four trumps, etc. Root had neither the time nor the computer to make such calculations, so he calmly went about playing the hand the right way to make it. He drew trumps in two leads, cashed the ace and king of diamonds and led the jack of diamonds through East, ruffing out the queen. Although he did not have a visible reentry to dummy, Root had already made the play that won the game: instead of discarding his sure club loser on dummy's diamond king he had let go a heart and had kept the 4 of clubs.

After Root had ruffed the third round of diamonds and led another trump, this was the situation.

NORTH			
♦	—		
♥	—		
♦	10 6		
♣	J 10		
WEST		EAST	
♦	J 8	♦	—
♥	—	♥	—
♦	—	♦	9
♣	K 7	♣	Q 9 8
SOUTH			
♦	5		
♥	Q 9		
♦	—		
♣	4		

Root led his last spade, and West had to escape a trap. If he discarded a heart, South's two hearts would be good. If he discarded the 7 of clubs, a club lead would put him in and force a heart play into South's queen-9, giving Root the last two tricks. West's only out was to let go the king of clubs, and, after dummy's diamond was discarded, East had no successful defense against South's lead of the carefully preserved 4 of clubs. Whatever East did, dummy was bound to win a club trick and a diamond trick to make the contract.

END

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Expansion's bright new heroes

The exhilarating success of the Philadelphia Flyers is due in large part to the remarkable play of a talented two-man goaltending partnership

The Philadelphia Flyers were only scrimmaging among themselves to kill the last few minutes of a practice hour, but when Jimmy Johnson broke in alone off the right wing and beat Goaltie Bernie Parent with a low, hard drive to the far corner from about 10 feet—the type of shot that always beats a goaltender—Parent behaved as if the Flyers had just lost the seventh game of the Stanley Cup. He swung his goalie's stick like a two-iron against the left post of his cage, then turned and viciously cracked it against the right post. One Flyer, who knows that goalies are an odd breed, stared at Parent and yelled, "They oughta lock you in that cage!" Still furious at himself, Parent skated out of the goal, stopped suddenly, wheeled and—like a man throwing a hammer—flung the stick against the Herculee glass backboards.

All this was very funny to Doug Favell, the Flyers' other goaltender, who by now had skated to center ice for a closer view of Parent in action. Favell removed his face mask and shook his head. "Barnyard," he shouted to Pa-

rent, "you're nothing but a damn sore-head."

Parent is a sorehead, and so is Favell, for that matter. When a shooter scores a goal against either of them they react like destructive children—but that hatred of goals scored is one of the big reasons why Philadelphia's expansion team is leading the National Hockey League's West Division.

On the first weekend of February the Flyers gave a vivid demonstration of why they should hold the lead all season long, with Parent beating Bobby Hull's Chicago Black Hawks 5-3 in Philadelphia on Saturday and Favell stopping the Stanley Cup champions, the Maple Leafs, 4-1 on Sunday. "We're undefeated in Canada," crowed Publicist Joe Kadlec. And indeed they were, having beaten Montreal in their only other Canadian game. That streak ended last week—also in Montreal.

The Flyers' success has brought crowds in surprising numbers to Philadelphia's Spectrum, the \$12 million arena Jerry Wolman opened last fall in south Philly, adjacent to Kennedy Stadi-

um, site of the Army-Navy football game. It is proving to be one of the beleaguered Wolman's better moves. Hard pressed financially in his operation of the pro football Eagles, he is enjoying a lively Spectrum gate for basketball's 76ers and for the Flyers.

The triumvirate that owns the club—Board Chairman Ed Snider, President Bill Putnam and Vice-President Joe Scott—savor not only the sweet rustle of money in the box office but the thrill of victory. And so do the fans. On the Saturday of that emotional weekend of wars over established NHL teams, the 14,646 red-plush seats of the Spectrum were sold out, and in the last half minute of the game the crowd rose spontaneously and applauded.

The Flyers, with their 7-11-1 record against East teams, lead the West Division in embarrassing the established clubs. Forwards like Bill Sutherland and Leon Rochefort, with 15 goals apiece, are no longer anonymous characters in orange shirts but personalities who have earned fan attention and support. Defensesmen Ed Van Impe and Joe Watson have shown that the East stars can be roughed up and frustrated by the expansionists. Amid all the excitement, Flyer Coach Keith Allen has maintained the cool, on-top-of-things manner that got him the job in the first place.

But without its sharp-eyed, sorehead goalies Philadelphia might be just another team. At midseason Parent and Favell, as an entry, were leading in the race for the Vezina Trophy, awarded to the league's stingiest goaltending team, and



THE FLYERS' TWIN GOALIES IN ACTION: NONCHALANT FAVELL (LEFT) BLOCKS A SHOT, WHILE FIERY PARENT (RIGHT) THROWS A PUNCH

between them Bernie and Doug represent expansion's only hope for a postseason award or All-Star recognition. Parent, who played for the Boston Bruins during parts of the last two seasons, was voted No. 3 among the goalies in balloting for the first-half All-Star team. Favell is probably the closest challenger to Boston's Derek Sanderson in the competition for Rookie of the Year.

Playing goal for an expansion team has some significant fringe benefits, as both Parent and Favell admit. The new clubs encounter each of the six established teams only four times apiece, while they play the other new teams 10 times each during the year. This means that Parent and Favell face the Hulls and Mikitas and Howes and Orrs only 24 times, and they have 50 games against the Cowboy Fletts and Mike Laughtons and Bobby Dillaboughs. "I certainly wouldn't mind a deal like that," says Goalie Gump Worsley of the Canadiens, who, of course, faces the reverse predicament—50 games against the East sharpshooters and only 24 against the Fletts.

Still, Parent and Favell are the best one-two goaltending punch in the entire NHL, and since each is only 22 years old (Bernie is two days older than Doug and never lets him forget it), it appears that Philadelphia is well fortified in goal for at least the next 10 years. Both Bernie and Doug were developed by the Boston Bruins, who previously had not produced a competent goaltender in more than 25 years. But three years ago the Bruins had four good young goalies in their system: Parent and Favell, who were playing for the junior team in Niagara Falls, Ont.; Ian Young, Bobby Orr's amateur teammate at Oshawa, Ont.; and Claude Dufour, who was playing professionally for the Hershey Bears of the American Hockey League. Parent and Favell were lost in the expansion draft, and Young and Dufour both suffered disabling eye injuries—and so the Bruins again have no outstanding young goaltenders. Nobody in Philadelphia cares.

Parent, who was born in Montreal and speaks his native French most of the time, seems broader and squatter than Favell, though they are almost of a size. He smokes cigars and likes white dinner wines. Doug, born in St. Catharines, Ont., speaks English, does not smoke and dislikes wine, but he is among the nattiest dressers in Philadelphia,

favoring checked or glen-plaid slacks and green alligator loafers. Doug drives a sports car. Bernie expects to trade his luxury sedan for a sportier vehicle at the end of the year.

Both goalies are bachelors, though Doug is engaged to a girl back home in St. Catharines. Parent views this complication with disapproval. "A goaltender shouldn't get married—ever," he says. "If I live to be 100, I'll still be too young to get married."

Although they have been teammates for several years, first at Niagara Falls and then later at Oklahoma City and Philadelphia, Bernie and Doug do not socialize much with each other off the ice. After a recent practice in Oakland, for instance, Bernie drove off with some of his French-speaking teammates to visit the wine and mushroom territory to the north, while Doug pointed his green alligator shoes toward Haight-Ashbury to stare at the hippies.

Their approaches to goaltending are as different as their tastes in leisure-time activity. Bernie plays in the classic style—straight up, working the angles. Doug is more of a scumbler and relies on a fast glove hand and quick reflexes. Bernie is the nervous type, while Doug approaches the game with what Coach Allen calls an "alarming nonchalance." Parent hates to fly and rarely will play after a long flight. "I get a little sick about an hour before a game," he says. Doug approaches league competition as if it is a meaningless practice. Twenty minutes before one game, Coach Allen found him calmly downing pizza and a Coke.

Under Allen's platoon system, Parent usually plays against Boston because of his apprenticeship with them (Favell never did appear with the Bruins), while Doug, whose home is near Toronto, plays against the Leafs. Parent beat the Bruins in Boston earlier this year, and Favell has twice beaten the Leafs. "Because of Doug, maybe, this is the first year I really work," says Parent. "When your partner is down around two goals against, you've gotta do something to keep your job. And we're up there in first place, not like in Boston when we always were in last place. In Boston the fans would boo you all night. I lost to the Black Hawks 10-0 once and they never shut up. But in Philadelphia they are cheering us."

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UNAWARE OF A RIVAL'S RESPECTFUL GAZE, RYUN CALMLY AWAIT THE GUN

Jim Ryun's big experiment

The superlative runner from Kansas was aiming at back-to-back four-minute miles, but an emotional Garden crowd upset the plan

About halfway through the mile run at the U.S. Track and Field Federation's indoor meet last Friday night, Jim Ryun began to draw away from the field. He had taken the lead from little Sam Baer, hottest miler of the winter season, and then repulsed a brief challenge by Dave Patrick. With five laps to go around the 11-lap board track, Ryun was alone in front, concentrating only on finishing the mile in less than four minutes. The big crowd grew wildly excited, the spectators realized they were watching a brilliant performance in the last mile ever in New York's old Madison Square Garden. And Ryun had his own reasons for wanting a fast mile in his first major race of the year. It should have been a classic tableau: crowd roaring, scoreboard clock ticking off the seconds and the runner, face contorted, straining desperately to achieve his goal.

But the runner was not straining at

all. Ryun's strides were long, smooth and effortless, and on his face was a broad grin. The kids ringing the track—who came to run in their own college relays and then maybe shake Ryun's hand or get an autograph—nudged one another in amazement. The man who had worked harder and run faster than any of them was sauntering casually past them with a relaxed smile on his face—on his way to a mile in 3:57.5. "I haven't smiled very often in races," Ryun explained later, "but when I moved tonight I just couldn't believe how good I felt or how fast I was able to go."

Jim's elation was understandable. Last weekend he entered two races—in New York Friday night and in East Lansing, Mich. just 22 hours later—in order to conduct a personal experiment. At the beginning of the most important year of his competitive life he hoped to answer two questions: 1) How fast could he run on his strength alone, without benefit of

any speed workouts? 2) Does he have the stamina to attempt an Olympic double in the 800- and 1,500-meter races?

The first question was answered dramatically in Ryun's Garden mile. On strength alone he ran faster than anyone but Tom O'Hara had ever run indoors—and he missed O'Hara's world record by only 11 seconds. The second question will not be resolved as quickly. Saturday night Ryun won the mile at the Michigan State Relays in 4:03.4, failing in his effort to become the first runner ever to win sub-four-minute miles on consecutive days indoors. The time was disappointing but not discouraging to Ryun, who will try a number of similar stamina tests before he has to make his Olympic plans. He also had several valid excuses for the slow race, although, as usual, he refused to dwell on them. His ankles had stiffened up overnight, he had slight blisters on his soles, he had gotten only three hours of sleep and he had allowed his emotions to interfere with what began as a cool and scientific experiment.

New York's old, cramped, dirty Garden always has been an emotional setting for a track meet. The arena floor is a colorful jumble of bright sweat suits, the track seems constantly alive, with small boys running relays whenever more momentous events aren't going on. The well-dressed spectators in the Garden Club seats can almost reach out and touch the athletes. The kids in the balconies cheer and shout down through the thick cloud of cigarette smoke around the rafters and feel almost as close to the action.

For the final track night in the old arena, the spectators were even more boisterous than usual. It was not a regular track crowd, it was a Jim Ryun crowd. The Federation, the NCAA's track affiliate in the sully war with the AAU, had a meet with no tradition, no prestige and no backlog of patrons and subscribers. Last year the event drew all of 3,629 people. Friday it attracted 15,002, and Ryun made most of the difference. The crowd included few of the venerable faces seen regularly at the older New York meets, the fans were younger, less knowledgeable and more vocal. They seemed to sense that something great would happen Friday—and, of course, they never doubted that it would happen to Jim Ryun.

Jim himself was concerned with more practical problems as he got ready for

the race. He hoped for back-to-back miles in about 3:59, but he was not sure he could manage even one 4:00 race. For several months he had been running 16 miles a day on asphalt roads and frozen Kansas fields, training for strength rather than speed. "I feel stronger now than I've ever been in my life," he said, "but I don't know how fast I can go yet. Sam Blair could be hard to beat. He's pointed for this race."

Ryun walked down into the tunnels beneath the Garden, where many runners were jogging to loosen up. "The biggest challenge of the night," he said, "may be just getting warmed up—through dark tunnels, up and down stairs and with cops yelling at you to go the other way." He jogged away, took several laps and paused for a moment. "Hey, kid," growled one of the Garden's inimitable cops, "don't you come round this way again. You're in the way."

"A big indoor meet like this can be pretty exciting, though," Jim said before the race. "The pounding on the boards adds something, and I guess the crowd does, too, although I never listen to a crowd during a race."

Six laps later, just as he was smiling with satisfaction and following his neat plan, Ryun found himself listening to the crowd. "They're practically on top of you," he said afterward. "It would be hard not to react to a noise like that." As Jim reacted, his plans for the weekend collapsed. He stopped thinking about pacing himself and seemed to increase his speed as the crescendo of sound rose. In an emotional three-lap burst he made certain that he would not only break four minutes, but he would be close to a record. On the last lap he tired—"I started wandering between the first and third lanes"—and lost his chance at a world mark. But he still ran much faster than he had dared to expect. Moments after he caught his breath he shook his head. "My God," he muttered, "how fast would I have gone if I had done some speed work?"

After the race Ryun acted as thrilled as if he had won a major international event. With the exception of his world-record 1,500-meter victory over Kipchoge Keino last summer in Los Angeles, no race has ever left him as emotionally wound up. "I showed myself something tonight," he said.

The trip to East Lansing figured to be anticlimactic after the Garden mile, and it was. The Michigan State field

continued



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house has an eight-lap dirt track that runs beneath the balconies on each side, guaranteeing that from almost any seat in the house one will miss half the action. Surprisingly, the mile was run as the third race on the program, before Ryun's presence could generate any of the excitement it usually brings. And dominating the deflated atmosphere was MSU Assistant Coach Jim Gibbard, the assistant meet director.

"I remember him," mused Ryun. "Last year I won the mile and then stood on the edge of the track to watch one of our relay teams. He started shouting that he'd disqualify me for standing on the track. He seemed to love the idea that he had the power to disqualify me."

Between stiff ankles, blisters and his least-favorite meet official, the moment hardly seemed propitious for one of Ryun's best efforts. Jim had a good warmup, and that was all. "The start of this race," he said, "felt like a continuation of last night's—with no rest in between." Arthur Link, a "rabbit" provided by the host team at MSU, set a quick early pace, but Ryun couldn't keep up with it. Jim took the lead at the half, as Gibbard—resplendent in jacket, tie, slacks and white track shoes—yelled at him. "You're too slow! Watch out! You're going too slow!" Jim grimaced slightly as he went by. "I heard it," he said later, "very clearly." Actually the time for the half was 2:02.2, faster than the pace of the previous night, but Ryun had no kick left. "A 59-second last quarter," he groaned. "You know I wasn't right if that was the best I could do."

He did not stay disappointed too long. He cheered as some teammates ran well in a distance medley, then spoke calmly to the press and signed some autographs. With a wink he even probed a toe out into the track to see if he might be threatened with disqualification. He wasn't, and moments later he sat down to evaluate his weekend experiment.

"The Garden race was a good start for the season," he said. "It will give me a standard to refer back to later. And I'm fairly satisfied with this race, considering the circumstances. If I hadn't gotten so carried away by the crowd last night maybe I could have saved more for tonight. Overall the weekend was a good experience. And even if it hadn't done anything else, it sure taught me one lesson—you can't afford to get emotional this early in the year."

END

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DR. ROBERT A. FRANKLYN, PLASTIC SURGEON
AND HORSE-RACING ENTREPRENEUR

Dr. Beauty Buys a Beast

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON

A lifetime of improving profiles has brought a flamboyant Hollywood doctor fame, riches, a saintly portrait and now—quite suddenly—a racing stable that includes a horse known round the world

The élan of Los Angeles is such that what may seem unusual elsewhere—or perhaps even absurd—somehow takes on an aura of the commonplace. For example, people do not think it terribly odd that L.A.'s Mayor Sam Yorty has hired his own cartoonist to take raps at the anti-Yorty *Los Angeles Times* on his television show. Nor do they view it as particularly extraordinary that Rudy Vallee, of reedy saxophone and *Maine Stein Song* fame, may run for Sam Yorty's job. And so it is understandable that around southern California racetracks people have become so accustomed to the vagaries of the L.A. crowd—movie stars, faith healers, professional mourners from Forest Lawn, various weirdos of undiagnosed dementia—that they have been only slightly curious about the sudden advent on their scene of Robert Alan Franklyn, 49, a plastic surgeon from Sunset Boulevard. He is a specialist in what he calls "beauty parlor" surgery, a fellow who has been labeled the Pygmalion of Hollywood, a kind of operating-room Rodin who works with scalpel and silicone instead of chisel and stone.

In the past six months Dr. Franklyn has acquired ownership or an interest in around \$1.5 million worth of racehorses. Before that he owned no horses at all. Not one. His string includes the magnificent, British-bred 3-year-old, Vaguely Noble, which cost the doctor \$342,720—paid with a common, everyday household check drawn on his personal account. Never before has so much money been paid at auction for a single horse in training, and Vaguely Noble probably would not even have been up *continued*

for auction in December at Tattersall's Newmarket Sales if the family of the late owner had not needed cash for death duties on the estate. The London *Daily Mirror* called the purchase "a fantastic record," and the *Daily Express* came up with a near-perfect headline. HOLLYWOOD MAN GETS WORLD'S COSTLIEST RACEHORSE . . . IT'S DR. BEAUTY'S BEAST.

Around California tracks, some people call Dr. Franklyn "The Mystery Physician," a few wonder if he exists at all and many of the best-informed racing officials say that about all they know of him is what they read in the papers. Of course, since most people around racetracks (excluding the stars) don't go in much for breast-expansion or nose-harbering or even dimple-building, a specialist with Dr. Franklyn's talents would not come up during the course of an ordinary conversation in the daily-double window queue. Dr. Franklyn is a man who marches to quite a different trumpet than daily-double bettors. He is ambitious, self-confident and imaginative beyond the capacity of most run-of-the-mill mortals. He has an ingratiating zest and a genuinely refreshing and almost existential what-the-hell-do-I-have-to-lose insouciance about his entry into the expensive and complex world of racing horses.

"I wouldn't say I'm the Great White Hope for racing,"

says the doctor. "I'm not that egocentric. But I think we'll give everyone something to remember, and we'll have some fun doing it." Right. The color he wants for his Gemini Farms is gold. That's all, just gold. His horses will race on gold horseshoes. "Not zofid gold," says Franklyn. "They would turn to nuggets and dust in half a furlong. We'll just put on a coating of gold. Why not? No one ever asked people if they really preferred aluminum-colored shoes, right? Well, we prefer gold."

The doctor also has this thing about round buildings. "They appeal to me, I suppose, because a circle is such a clean thing," he says. Right now Franklyn has his surgery practice in a spectacularly attractive round building on Sunset Boulevard. He is the sole occupant and has named it The Beauty Pavilion. It was designed by the brilliant Brazilian architect, Oscar Niemeyer, who also designed part of the United Nations complex and the major buildings in Brasilia. Unfortunately, The Beauty Pavilion is located in a landscape of shamefully ugly urban rubble that is quite typical of Los Angeles—on one side, a hamburger joint named Allie's and, on the other, a mammoth black sign with a huge red neon message pushing Hava-A-Kar rentals for \$4 a day and 4¢ a mile. Franklyn has planted a large evergreen tree in front of the sign, but it doesn't help much. Nor is the doctor content with having



The master of Gemini Farms examines some of his newly acquired Thoroughbred stock at his southern California estate.

just one round building in his life. Gemini Farms will be located on a 300-acre tract about 50 miles from L.A. Naturally, Franklyn is going to have himself a round home there. He is also going to put up a round barn with round stalls. It has never been done before, he says. Franklyn himself designed the new barn, Oscar Niemeyer not having expressed much enthusiasm for the project.

"Well, why not have round stalls?" asks the doctor. "They won't do the horses any harm, and they may even be good for them. A lot of horses hurt themselves because they lie down, then get trapped in the corner of a stall and get panicky when they can't get up."

Obviously, Robert Franklyn is an impressively creative man, as a cosmetic plastic surgeon should be. But what—beyond creativity and very delicate hands—makes a man a successful beauty surgeon? "Well, if I have one thing in the world going for me, it is my excellent good taste," says Franklyn. And, he might have added, my monumentally thick skin. "Most plastic surgeons sneer at cosmetic specialists," says the doctor. "The great majority are in strictly reparative surgery, and they reluctantly do a nose job or set back a pair of big ears. We need 10 times more cosmetic surgeons than we have. This is a *beauty culture* in America; all the magazines and television and billboards in the country constantly remind people that they should be beautiful, that success and beauty, health and beauty, sex and beauty are inseparable. This sort of thing can make plain people uncomfortable; it demolishes their vanity. And don't forget, vanity is probably the one major driving force in almost every human being. I have a great sympathy for most of the people who come to me. I may not be changing the course of the world, but my work is of inestimable value to the individuals I treat. Some of them are referred to me by psychiatrists, and sometimes they become totally different—and infinitely happier—people after an operation. I remember one mousy little kindergarten teacher who came to me, had her bust enlarged and became a very successful striptease dancer."

A beauty surgeon should also be utterly in as far as fashion changes go. Franklyn subscribes to everything from *Harper's Bazaar* to *Gesundheit* to a plastic-surgery journal published in Czechoslovakia. But, with all that emphasis on Good Looks and New Looks, on straight noses and pouchless eyes and streamlined ears and seamless brows, what should the well-received cosmetic surgeon himself look like?

Admittedly, prior to actually laying eyes on one, there is plenty of room for imagination in visualizing the appearance of a beauty surgeon—especially a beauty surgeon whose major domain of expertise lies along the frontal contours of female America. Somehow a combination of George Romney's leonine looks and Zachary Scott's devilish cosmopolitanism seems right, although it presumably would take quite a plastic surgeon to produce the cross. Or maybe something between John Wayne and

Ernest Hemingway? Kyle Rote and Barry Goldwater? No matter. Dr. Franklyn does not look like that. Somehow he does not even look like a man who recently published a book called *Developing Besom Beauty*, in which he printed several before-and-after photographs of his patients along with a batch of postoperative case studies with such provocative titles as, "The Nun's Sister," "The Nervous Congresswoman" and "The Lady Motorcyclist," whose opening line to the doctor was, "Hi, Mac, you fix flats?"

There is a kind of shuffling, almost avuncular gentleness about Dr. Franklyn. He has the freckled-tan scalp with which southern California blesses all balding men. He is fairly short and quite stocky. He has a good, sound nose—not as hooked as Dick Tracy's and not as thick as Lyndon Johnson's—a firm outthrusting jaw and remarkable brown eyes that must have calmed many a troubled lady as she confessed her cosmetic problems to him. His voice has the flat, unflappable bedside sound of a country doctor, and his words are spoken with an understated, soft delivery that contrasts sharply with the substance of what he says: "I am a professional enthusiast. . . . I am the original optimist. . . . I have an infinite curiosity about other people's businesses. . . . When I decide to do something I want to do it now."

Despite the soothing voice and placid looks, Dr. Franklyn is a man of enormous energy, a hurry-up guy who admits, "I am the original short-cutter." Born in Newark ("absolutely the worst city in the world"), he graduated from high school at 14, got a degree with honors from New York University in just two and a half years, went to NYU's medical school and interned for a scant year and a half at Bellevue Hospital before choosing plastic surgery as his specialty. After assisting and studying with several excellent men in the field, he set out for Los Angeles in 1943, just another struggling plastic surgeon among the 100 or so then clustered near Hollywood, including a legendary doctor who breezed about town in a silver Rolls-Royce with a liveried footman.

"I was 25, and for a while I had to work nights in a defense plant making Liberty ships to pay my office expenses," Franklyn recalls. Although his fees do not fit most shopgirls' budgets, the doctor has done a fair amount of charity work over the years. And once, in the late '40s, Franklyn accepted an artist's portrait of himself, complete with a halo of noses and profiles around the doctor's head (page 50), in payment for an operation on the painter's girl friend. No sooner did the girl get a postoperative glimpse of her newly beautiful self, Franklyn recalls, than she turned to the painter, said, "Hey, I'm beautiful!" and walked out on him forever.

In 1960, when he was 41 years old, Dr. Franklyn published an autobiography, *Bratty Surgeon*, and a public-relations firm promptly spread the word to editors about

continued

the book, using the kind of florid flackery many medical men abhor: "Through the portals of his Sunset Boulevard office, where he performs his operations in the strictest of sanitary and private conditions, have walked the most famous people of show business," said one letter from the firm. "Dr. Franklyn's magic silver scalpels has given life and youth, glamour and beauty." In all, the doctor has published four books, including *The Art of Staying Young*. In it he recommends some fascinating recipes for complexion treatments, such as homogenizing a cucumber and three ounces of skim milk in an electric blender, then spreading the cool goo on one's face as a beauty mask. "Instead of feeding your stomach, you feed your skin," he explains.

He was once married to Actress Vanessa Brown, an ex-Quiz Kid who was the 11th Jane in the Tarzan series and starred in *The Seven Year Itch* on Broadway; they were divorced in 1957. The present Mrs. Franklyn, Wilma, is a handsome blonde, a former nurse who jokingly recalls that she was once voted "Miss Sports-car of 1957" at some long-forgotten Palm Springs rally.



Dr. Franklyn holds a deerhound. He owns 15 of them, though they are among the world's rarest breeds.

Although the doctor gives himself a fair share of credit for encouraging bigger bosoms in the U.S., he traces the origin of the bust boom to Howard Hughes's advertising campaign for an undistinguished movie called *The Outlaw*. Billboards featured a huge picture of Jane Russell with the message, "There are two good reasons for seeing *The Outlaw*." A bit later Dr. Franklyn perfected an operation for enlarging women's breasts. Over the years he has improved his technique to a point where he can perform the surgery in 10 or 15 minutes. During the operation a gelatinlike substance called silicone is wrapped in Teflon, the no-stick synthetic material used on frying pans, then inserted through a small incision at the base of each breast. The doctor has done more than 15,000 such operations and he is proud that they are as simple as going to the dentist—"In in the morning and home for dinner." Also, he points out, it is a "reversible operation." If the day comes when America prefers something smaller in bosoms, Dr. Franklyn can undo what he has done.

The doctor says that he also created a method of making dimples, but gave it up because "dimpling didn't appeal to me." And "I was the man who taught the Japanese how to make Occidental eyes on Orientals." A few years ago Franklyn built a lavish "beauty hospital" called the Athena Marquessa, in the exclusive Bel Air section of Los Angeles. It had 80 beds, and he was the sole physician on the staff. "It got to be a little too much," he says. "I sold it." He also created an invention some time ago that was intended to "do something about our national obsession—obesity." It is a machine that blasts a powerful stream of air onto parts of the body that need reducing. The air causes fat and flesh alike to ripple and vibrate rapidly, and excess weight is literally shaken off. "I tried to patent it," he says, "but the Patent Office wrote back saying that the Kellogg who made cornflakes in Michigan had invented the same thing in 1900 or so. Anyway, the damned thing costs \$35 every time we turn it on, because it uses so much current and requires a trained nurse to be there. We keep it around, and once in a while a movie star will come in to knock some flab off here or there."

The doctor is nothing if not versatile. For example, he is a "disillusioned oil prospector," who once took over an abandoned well in New Mexico, drilled to 2,800 feet and then applied a technique that called for dumping 1,000 barrels of oil into the hole to prime the flow of oil in the earth. "The stuff started just bursting out of the ground," he recalls, "so I left, convinced I was a rich man. When I went back later the well had gushed precisely the 1,000 barrels of oil we had put into it. And not a drop more."

Because he is a close friend as well as beauty physician to so many movie stars, Franklyn occasionally has been asked for his advice on scripts. "Most of that stuff was so bad that it made your head hurt. Once Marilyn Monroe asked me to look at a script for *Moll Flanders*. It was awful, and I told Spyros Skouras that. He said, 'If you

continued

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can do better, go ahead." Franklyn said he took the story line from Daniel Defoe's achingly dull 18th century novel and in two nights of dictation turned it into a "wicked, sexy" script. The movie pros were unimpressed. They gave it to an Englishman to rewrite—which is really too bad, if for no other reason than that Dr. Franklyn had planned to give screen credit for the script to his favorite golden retriever, J. Brandie Berry-Bush Esq. But the dog is doing all right, anyway. He has his own savings account at a Los Angeles bank—"It took a meeting of the whole board of directors to approve it"—and J. Brandie Berry-Bush is also the legally registered owner of the Franklyn station wagon.

At one time or another the doctor also has been involved with high-powered cars ("We bought the first three XKE Jaguars shipped to this country"), architecture ("I started following Niemeyer's work in 1943 when he was nothing"), perfume ("I am known in Paris as one of the good noses in the business") and politics. He used to be a member of the Democratic Party's state finance committee. He was a casual acquaintance of John Kennedy and counted Adlai Stevenson as a warm personal friend. Indeed, on the night in July 1956 after Stevenson had been nominated for the presidency by the Democratic convention, Franklyn recalls that Vanessa Brown (then Mrs. Franklyn) phoned him from a hotel room in Chicago. "She was a delegate that year. It must have been 2 o'clock in the morning, and I was in a stupor when I answered," the doctor remembers. "She said, 'Bob, I'm here in Adlai's suite. Who should we have for Vice President?' I fumbled around trying to get my bearings and said Estes Kefauver would probably get it because he'd done well in the primaries that year. She said, 'O.K.,' and hung up." Franklyn chuckled and said, "To this day I'm not really sure that Kefauver wasn't picked over John Kennedy then because of what I said to Vanessa."

However unfamiliar Robert Franklyn's name may be in racing circles, he and his wife, whom he calls "Willie," are well known in the highly competitive world of dog shows. Over the years they have walked off with "enough ribbons, cups, trophies and Japanese ashtrays to last five lifetimes," he says. Their specialty is golden retrievers, and they have produced no less than 23 certified champions in the last few years. "We got started with dogs when the milkman gave Willie a mutt named Pierre," he says. "He swore that Pierre was a bona-fide golden retriever, and we figured he should know. Then one day we decided to find Pierre a golden-retriever girl friend, and we bought Lulu, who had papers and the works. But as Lulu grew it didn't take a genius to see that she was a different dog from Pierre. A lot different. I told Willie that I didn't think Pierre was quite what the milkman said he was and that it would be criminal to breed him with Lulu.

So we ransacked the country and found a dog in Connecticut. That got us started."

Last month Franklyn showed several of his retrievers at the Beverly Hills dog show, the most noteworthy in the West, and when it was over he had a pocketful of ribbons, plus a peanut-dish trophy. "That," he sighed, "is that. We have proved our point, and we are now finished with dog shows. They are so boring."

Beside their champion retrievers, the Franklyns raise Scottish deerhounds, huge, gentle, shaggy beasts that are one of the rarest breeds known. There are no more than 150 in the world, says Franklyn, and he owns about 15 of them. "The breed goes back thousands of years, when some innovative guy (probably the Dr. Franklyn of his day) bred an Irish wolfhound to a mastiff. The deerhound was trained to track deer for miles and miles, then to bring them down." Deerhounds nearly vanished when deer grew scarce in the British Isles, and not until the late 19th century, when dog shows became popular, was there much interest in reviving the breed. A few years ago the Franklyns bought one of the best in the world, Fitzroy of Ardkinglas, and the doctor and Willie probably now have the finest deerhound kennel in existence.

The Franklyn home is a large yellow mansion north of Los Angeles. It was built in 1932 by a motion-picture executive for an opera singer who just had to have her own "Viennese castle" in southern California. The couple lived in the house for one year, then boarded it up and moved out, leaving a young Japanese boy in charge of the grounds. "We came across it in 1964," says Franklyn. "The place was full of brush and fallen trees, and there was this aging, bearded Japanese man. He had been there all those years. The opera singer had never come back."

Impressive as the house itself is, the single most remarkable element in it is the presence of dogs. It is alive with them. There are 14 full-time house dogs—none small—and the doctor says that he rotates all the kennel dogs in the house for a day every week. They are fine, friendly animals, who feel totally at ease around the house. Some sleep in the Franklyns' bedroom, some on their bed, and they occasionally gulp down steak or potatoes or a half-finished piece of cake off the table, before the human diners have left their seats. "We treat them like humans," says the doctor. "To us, each is an individual, and we know them all by name."

The horses of Gemini Farms, too, are going to get a man-sized portion of tender-loving humanitarianism. "We talk to our horses, whisper to them, ask them how their health is and how the world's treating them. They aren't Mister Eds, but it does keep them happier," says Franklyn, who speaks of his Thoroughbreds as "girls" or "guys." His affection for them is touching, even though his experience with them is, of course, next to nil.

The doctor admits that before he spent \$73,300 last August at a Del Mar, Calif. auction for his first five yearling

continued

fillies, he knew the names of "precisely two racehorses—Man o' War and Fleet Nasrullah." So, armed with near-total ignorance, a supreme faith in his eye for beauty—"Only one man in hundreds can really see the configuration of a great horse"—and the "psychic computer" of Willie's womanly intuition, Dr. Franklyn set out to create what he calls "one of the elite stables in the country." At first the Franklyns thought they might do their own buying: "We double-checked, triple-checked, sextuple-checked every detail, then we added up all the facts. And, by God, do you know that everything canceled everything else out! We decided to give up on handicapping horses and try handicapping people who knew horses."

The human handicapping brought them to one Albert Yank, 50, a former citrus-fruit entrepreneur at Los Angeles' Farmer's Market. Yank had gone into the bloodstock business about 10 years ago, because "I chose to indulge myself in the finer things of life." As with so many things around Robert Franklyn, Yank is colorful and unusual, and almost as full of confidence as the doctor himself. Yank says he once bought the well-known West Coast stallion TV Lark by writing a worthless check for a couple of hundred thousand dollars. He quickly sold the horse to a Kentucky breeder before his check bounced over the moon. Last spring Yank made one of the more interesting trades of recent years when he exchanged a horse for a yellow Rolls-Royce convertible owned by a man in Detroit. "I love that car like a horse," says Yank.

When he is in the doctor's presence Yank speaks with a kind of granite formality, as if each sentence already had been engraved in the cement outside Grauman's Chinese Theater. "The doctor has given his confidence to me, and I, in turn, have made my talents and insight into the horse-racing business available to the doctor," intones Yank. "When the doctor asked me to come with him I asked, 'How big is your garbage can?' He told me, and I said, 'Well, it should be extremely large, because when you are done reading all of these books I want you to throw them in the garbage can. You cannot learn to buy and breed fine horses from books.'"

It was Yank who made the skyrocketing bids for Vaguely Noble in London last December, and most people assumed that Dr. Franklyn bought the horse alone. Since then, however, the doctor has insisted that there is a syndicate involved, something he jovially refers to as the *Pas de Coque* Syndicate. With a wink, Franklyn explains that the French words are really meaningless and that he is actually only gallicizing "patty cake." It is really, he says, the Patty Cake Syndicate that owns Vaguely Noble. But then he becomes rather circumspect about the actual membership of the group, mentioning the possibility of Frenchmen and Canadians and Texans and California horsemen and even dogs or horses being in it.

The facts now seem to be that originally the Patty Cake Syndicate included the doctor, Al Yank and good old J.

Brandle Berry-Bush Esq., who may be the only dog to own a horse. But the makeup of the partnership has changed since then. During the Newmarket bidding the major competition for Vaguely Noble came from Nelson Bunker Hunt of Dallas, son of H. L. Hunt and a fellow who is superrich even by Texas standards. Bunker Hunt went along with Yank's bids, guinea for guinea, until he finally dropped out at 135,000 guineas (\$340,200). Anyway, after thinking it over later, Hunt decided that he really had misjudged Vaguely Noble and that the horse was worth every penny of the price, probably even more.

In January, Hunt became a member of the Patty Cake Syndicate by buying one-half interest in Vaguely Noble. But the horse will race under the Gemini Farms colors.

For now, at least, the plan is for Vaguely Noble to run mostly in Europe and to train in Ireland with Paddy Prendergast. The doctor plans to enter the horse in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, which is run in Paris in October. Although Franklyn says he seldom bets at the track, he claims to have a "good-sized bet" on Vaguely Noble in that race. Franklyn says the horse will be entered in several major American events—including the Kentucky Derby, the Belmont and the Preakness—and, if invited, will probably run in the Laurel International.

There is more than a little doubt about whether Vaguely Noble will actually appear in all of those U.S. events, since most of them conflict with top European stakes races. Nevertheless, if the horse does turn up at the Kentucky Derby—for which he was officially entered last month—people will be fascinated to see his owners formally listed as Bunker Hunt and one "Lady Wilma Franklyn." She is, of course, the doctor's wife, and legal ownership of the horse is really in her name. The title, of rather vague nobility, was awarded to her by Albert Yank in filing the Derby nomination papers because, as he puts it, "The doctor's wife is ten times more of a lady than the English ladies I met in London."

"I call Vaguely Noble a veritable flying machine," says Franklyn. "This horse is going to be the Damascus of Europe." Nor has the doctor stopped acquiring horses. He has around 30 now and, he says, "I will stop buying when they stop breeding great horses." Indeed, his ambitions for Gemini Farms seem to have no ceiling at all. The doctor and another syndicate (not Patty Cake) were prepared to offer Mrs. Thomas Bancroft a flat \$2 million—"in cash, C-A-S-H," says the doctor—for Damascus. "The idea fell through," says Franklyn. "The price is more like \$6 million."

As for the rest of his stable, Franklyn has typically ambitious plans. He intends to breed his fillies "anywhere there are great stallions," and he talks about the possibility of putting Vaguely Noble to stud in California when his racing days are over, although that is by no means definite yet. "We'd like to make California the breeding state in the world," he says. He is involved with a number

of horsemen who have founded what Franklyn calls a "mutual fund with horses instead of stocks," to share their wealth largely for breeding purposes. So far, however, most of the "great stallions" he talks about are either in Kentucky or Europe. And, as Franklyn admits, "We're actually filly-oriented. We think the girls are the key to good breeding, and we look for real female females, real feminine girls for our stock. We want beauty

such choices as The End, One and Two, and Jack and Jill. Those names were rejected because someone had used them in the past. So Franklyn popped back to the Jockey Club with a list in Los Angeles French: Triens De (for The End), Oh Anne Doux (for One and Two), and Chacun Gille (Jack and Jill). All were okayed.

"There is, you know, a great advantage to having a guy like me in this business," says Franklyn. "Some of the



Albert Yank eyes Vaguely Noble shortly after bidding the certainly noble sum of \$342,720 for him at Newmarket

in our girls. Those big, strong fillies can't even throw a good midget half the time."

The doctor's ranch—and his personalized round buildings—will be used for raising his young stock. The young horses will be as free as wild animals, allowed to eat what they want and run when they want and where they want over the 300-acre spread. Once his horses go into training they will be turned over to either one of two Californians—Reggie Cornell, who the doctor says will get the Fleet Nasrullah horses, or Linwood J. Brooks.

At the moment the doctor has nine horses in training at Los Angeles tracks. There is some extremely fine blood running through his stock. He has three by Fleet Nasrullah, a half sister to Fleet Host and fillies by TV Lark, Chateaugay, Crimson Satan and Ribot.

When it comes to picking names for his horses, Franklyn has an inventive technique of which he seems inordinately proud. He uses the *Par de Cuique* ploy, Frenchifying a common English term. For example, he recently filed a list of a dozen names with the Jockey Club, including

others have been around so long that they see things through smoky glasses. My view is clear. We may fall on our nose, but then again we may make a real mark on racing."

Obviously horse racing won't play Galatea to Franklyn's Pygmalion quite as readily as will the average aging beauty queen. And if Robert Franklyn is even slightly successful in his enthusiastic attempt at raising Thoroughbreds, the oldtimers around the tracks and stables and breeding farms of the world will find it awfully hard to believe that it happened. After all, what is a beauty-parlor surgeon doing messing around with horses, anyway? Well, if you are in Los Angeles you may as well do as the Angelenos do—make the unusual commonplace. Or, as Dr. Franklyn says, "I like to make things happen. If they've never been done before, so what? The world is what you believe it is. You can make it pretty much what you decide to make it." There, when you think about it, is the ideal—maybe the only—credo for a beauty surgeon, as well as for a man who believes he can breed the best horses that ever lived.

END



1. Place hand where indicated.
2. Crumple the windshield.

No law says you have to actually wear the seat belts you have in your car. Maybe one should. But, meanwhile, we urge you to buckle up every time you get in the car. (And to get everybody else to buckle up, too.) Because we keep seeing what happens to people who don't. And there's only one thing worse than working with unpleasant statistics: being one.



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST | MARQUETTE (16-3)

2. LOUISVILLE (16-6) 3. OHIO STATE (13-4)

Louisville Coach John Droz, a dandy who wears a new shirt to every game, looked like a wilted flower after his team barely beat Drake 67-66. "That's the best team we've played this year," he said. Wichita State, on the road, was just as tough for Droz's Missouri Valley leaders, who won 93-91 in overtime. Louisville, which leads Bradley by a game and Drake by one and a half, has only one more game away from home—against Drake.

Kansas was back in the Big Eight race, a half game behind Nebraska, but the way the Jayhawks got there hardly soothed Coach Ted Owens' chronic ulcer. Kansas squeaked past Oklahoma State 52-50 and Colorado 75-72. Nebraska took over the lead by beating Oklahoma 89-83 and Kansas State 92-68, while Iowa State was losing to Oklahoma 87-68.

The Big Ten was beginning to take Ohio State seriously after the Bucks put down Indiana 78-77 on Dan Andrews' shot at the buzzer and then trampled Michigan State 90-62. But Iowa and Northwestern were only a game behind. The Mid-American was even closer. Bowling Green, a 78-68 winner over Ohio U., tied Toledo for the lead when the Rockets were upset by Marshall 93-89.

Marquette Coach Al McGuire spent all week psyching up Pat Smith for Loyola of Chicago. He told Smith to think about Loyola's Jim Tillman, an old New York schoolyard playmate, and how he had to be aggressive against him. It worked. Smith got nine points in the first 10 minutes, took charge of the boards and Marquette won 71-57. The Warriors also bombed Xavier 72-57. Loyola came back to take weary New Mexico State 81-75. Notre Dame defeated DePaul 91-85 in overtime, but Duke was too strong for the Irish. The Blue Devils won 73-67.

THE SOUTHWEST | 1. HOUSTON

(21-0) 2. NEW MEXICO STATE (16-4) 3. BAYLOR (14-4)

Unbeaten Houston, whose schedule the rest of the season is strictly patty-cake, flattered up at the expense of Centenary. It was hard to tell who enjoyed himself more—Elvin Hayes, who scored 50 points, or Coach Guy Lewis, who watched his Cougars pour it on 107-56.

Everybody expected the shots to fly when

Creighton's Bob Portman, the nation's fourth best scorer, and Oklahoma City's Rich Travis, who ranks sixth, got together in a shooting match and no one was disappointed. Portman scored 39 and Travis 38, but Oklahoma City won 112-86. Then the Chiefs got ambushed in Canyon. West Texas State beat them 105-87.

Baylor, thanks to a welcome hand from TCU, had a two-game lead in the Southwest Conference. The Bears came from behind to take Texas 74-58 and edged Rice 59-58 on substitute Tommy Bowman's two free throws with 11 seconds to go. TCU knocked off Arkansas 77-75 to tie the Hogs for second when sophomore Rick Wittenbracker tossed in an eight-foot jumper at the buzzer.

THE EAST | 1. ST. BONAVENTURE (17-0)

2. COLUMBIA (15-3) 3. ARMY (17-3)

New Yorkers, apparently not sentimental about the passing of old Madison Square Garden, stayed away for the last college doubleheader in the arena. Only 5,487 turned out to watch Duke thrash Southern Illinois 78-54 and NYU beat Marquette 76-63. The Salukis were no match for Duke. The Blue Devils, working well off 6'7" Mike Lewis in a low post and easily shifting in and out of man-to-man and zone defenses, had too much class for Southern Illinois. Lewis, a dexterous shooter and feeder, scored 28 points and, along with 6'7" Steve Vandenberg, dominated the boards against the shorter Salukis.

Some coaches claim that playing Army is like going to war. The Cadets infiltrate on offense and surround their opponents with muscle on defense. They did a lot of both last week, while beating Rutgers 50-41 and St. John's 55-54. But the Redmen, coming off a 62-55 loss to Temple, had Army 32-20 at the half. Then Bill Schutsky, a tough cookie who goes for the basket as if he were leading an infantry charge, and Steve Hunt began scoring. Soon they had 40 points between them, and Jim Onley's driving lay-up with 1:42 to go put the Cadets ahead 55-34. The shocked Redmen never scored again and Army won its 11th straight.

Temple hardly had time to enjoy its win over St. John's. The Owls lost to La Salle 64-60. Villanova won twice on the road, over Detroit 63-55 and DePaul 57-48, while St. Joseph's split, losing to St. Francis of Loyola 83-76 and beating Seton Hall 56-50.

St. Bonaventure (page 24), meanwhile, rolled on serenely. The unbeaten Bonnes

beat Providence 70-56 and are a cinch to make a postseason tournament. Holy Cross, another team with tournament ideas, took Fordham 85-76 as Keith Hochstein scored 40 points and Ed Studat got 36. Then the Crusaders, with Hochstein getting 33 and Studat 31, routed Syracuse 95-79. Fordham came back to upset Boston College and boost its record to 14-4. Niagara battered St. Francis of N.Y. 100-73 as Calvin Murphy scored 34 points. "A bad shooting night," complained Calvin, who made 12 for 29.

Columbia had its troubles up in Henover, but the Lions survived a Dartmouth slowdown to win 76-70 in double overtime. Then they drubbed Harvard 103-70. But Princeton remained in a first-place tie with Columbia in the Ivy League, beating Yale 69-62 and Brown 96-38.

THE SOUTH | 1. NORTH CAROLINA (17-1)

2. TENNESSEE (15-3) 3. KENTUCKY (15-4)

Tennessee rarely has looked better than it did in beating LSU 87-67 and holding Pete Maravich to 21 points. The Vols played their usual 1-3-1 trap zone, except that Tom Hendrix moved up to a wing. 6'8" Larry Mansfield was the deep man and Billy Hann played Maravich man-to-man. Everybody else double-teamed Pete when he got the ball, and he had a terrible time. His father-coach, Press, was so upset he blasted the officials for not calling fouls and accused them of giving the "big teams" preferential treatment. It got him a reprimand from SEC Commissioner Tomo Coleman.

Georgia was next for Tennessee and, even though the Bulldogs had lost at Vanderbilt 82-77, Coach Ray Mears worried about them. With 6'11" Bob Lienhard scoring 13 points, Georgia led the Vols 35-29 at the half, and then the Bulldogs went into a freeze. "Don't call it that," said Coach Ken Rosemond later. "It was a spread offense." Whatever it was called, it worked. Georgia held the ball until Tennessee was forced to extend its zone. When that happened Ray Jeffords worked the open middle with drives and jumpers for 12 points, and the Bulldogs won 61-43 to tighten up the SEC race.

Kentucky was only a half game behind Tennessee after the Wildcats beat Mississippi 78-62 and Mississippi State 92-84. Florida, however, ran into LSU's Maravich on a good night—he scored 47 points—and lost to the Bengals 93-92 when little Rich Luchko plopped in a free throw with 15 seconds to go in overtime. Maravich had also scored 49 to break Bob Pettit's one-season record of 785, as LSU lost to Auburn 74-69 earlier in the week. "It was just an average game," said Pete.

North Carolina, looking more formidable with each game, ran over Virginia 108-64 and Wake Forest 89-30, but a punch in the eye by Wake Forest's Dan Ackley put 6'11"

Rusty Clark in the infirmary. Without Clark, the Tar Heels whipped Virginia Tech 80-70. "This is one year I'm glad we have an ACC tournament," said Duke's Vic Bubas. "Maybe somebody will be lucky enough to catch Carolina on a bad night."

Davidson, the Southern Conference leader, showed no signs of weakening. The Wildcats burned Richmond 85-67, while West Virginia beat Georgia Tech 79-75 and Maryland 81-66 in nonleague games.

THE WEST 1 UCLA (18-1) 2 NEW MEXICO (19-1) 3 SANTA CLARA (15-3)

New Mexico had not seen so much excitement since the Lincoln County War. Both of the state's teams were ranked in the AP's top 10, and 15,237 jammed into University Arena in Albuquerque to watch New Mexico and New Mexico State go at each other. It was a dilly. NMS led 41-39 at the half, but the Lobos' half-court zone trap began pressing the Aggies into the corners, and Ron Nelson shot New Mexico to a nine-point lead. The Aggies, however, rallied and had a 71-71 tie with eight seconds to go. Stretch Howard's free throw finally won for the Lobos 72-71. "A great game," said Coach Bob King. "I got so wrapped up watching it I almost forgot to coach."

New Mexico got caught up in another close one, beating Texas at El Paso 64-58. But Wyoming, a 74-67 winner over Colorado State, and Utah were hot on the Lobos' trail in the Western AC. It looked as if it were all over for the Utes when Brigham Young led 89-87 with 44 seconds to play. But, in the last 14 seconds, Joe English threw in a 29-foot shot, Merv Jackson deflected an inbound pass to Walt Simon, who flipped in a layup, and Utah won 91-89. Coach Jack Gardner was so excited he tapped over his second quart of milk in the rush to congratulate his players.

It was strange, seeing UCLA go to a small Oregon State had shaken up the Bruins in Corvallis with a tough 2-3 zone that kept the ball away from Lew Alcindor, and UCLA led only 50-48 with four minutes left. So the Bruins passed the ball 55 times in the next 1:36, before Alcindor dropped in a layup. UCLA went on to win 55-52. The next night Oregon tried a zone, but the Bruins destroyed it 104-63.

Oregon State's zone almost caught USC, too, but the Trojans, who had beaten Oregon 79-69 the night before, squeaked through 49-47 on Bill Hewitt's tip-in. California's Bob Presley "misplaced" his playbook, so Coach Rene Herrera kept him out of the first eight minutes of the game with Washington. Presley came in to get 17 points and 20 rebounds, and Cal won 79-66. Against Washington State, Presley scored 22, and Cal won again 82-76. How was Presley's attitude? "The same as before," reported Herrera.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DEAR TEX:

Sirs

My congratulations to Tex Maule for coming up with the perfect answers to the problems of professional football (*Dear Pete*, Feb. 5). He hit the nail squarely on the head when he observed that pro football's major concern seems to be the television networks instead of the dedicated fans or the game itself. Because of the fear of CBS and NBC—and the ridiculous realignment of the National Football League this season was a thoroughly disappointing one. It is very hard to accept the fact that the Los Angeles Rams and the Baltimore Colts, after compiling their fantastic records last fall, could be left out of the postseason games.

I am sure Pete Rozelle realizes the validity of Mr. Maule's proposed system, and I am certain he will admit that something must be done to make postseason play as exciting as it was meant to be. Once again I thank Tex Maule for devising a system that is surefire. The next move is up to pro football.

MIKE RUBIN

Montrose, N.Y.

Sirs:

The Maule Method for realigning football divisions is ingenious, but it has one glaring fault. One of the greatest injustices in the history of all sport was what happened to the 1967 Baltimore Colts. They lost only one game but got nothing for their efforts: no championship game, no Super Bowl, no Runner-up Bowl, no nothing.

With Maule's divisional setup, not one but three great teams will be thus penalized, while three rinky-dinks will get a slice of the playoff loot and a shot at the championship. And suppose a fourth-division team wins the championship. Does it deserve it?

Mr. Maule's ideas about draft choices and player trading are excellent, but his divisional setup is best forgotten.

LEWIS J. CONNINGTON

Nashville

Sirs:

Mr. Maule's match of Green Bay and the also-rans is due to his making up divisions that would assure equality of competition in the regular-season play. As a result, the playoffs must be between the good teams and the poor ones, and the championship games lack equality of competition.

I believe that the answer to pro football's problems lies in the complete merger of the AFL and NFL into four conferences of similar strength. In this manner each city will be exposed to some good teams, and

the championship games will be played by teams of championship caliber.

RICHARD Z. LEWIS

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Professional football is a business—big business! Why kowtow to TV? Simply, because it's what made pro football. Most businesses, successful ones that is, learn to kowtow to their customers. Those who become entranced with their own set ideas, irrespective of market demand, soon end up with the perfect design—only it won't sell! Tex should keep on picking the sure things but leave running a business to successful businessmen. How many people watched the sure-thing Super Bowl?

JESS HIRSH

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Tex Maule is right that TV is ruining the sport, but I think he is wrong when he says that top draft choices win football games. The San Francisco 49ers are loaded with first-round picks, but they have never won a division title. In the early '60s, the New York Giants became a power by trading rookies, not collecting them. Sure, the draft has helped Green Bay, but then Vince Lombardi could make a flanker out of Hermie Grogold.

DAVID DUTZ

San Francisco

Sirs:

I congratulate Tex Maule on another masterful article. The way he envisions the NFL schedule, trading and drafting, I believe there would be many more interesting, surprising, top-notch football games played.

Generally speaking, football is played for the fans—so why not try to better the competition by a few minor Tex Maule changes and make NFL football a 100% success! Football should not be played for television networks and their profits. Four games on one football afternoon does make the game somewhat boring. CBS and NBC should both have their game of the week and let that be all.

ALAN KURLANSKY

Carbondale, Pa.

Sirs:

Tex Maule for commissioner!

RANDY WHITE

Orange, Conn.

FOR GOOD AND EVEL

Sirs:

Congratulations on a truly fascinating article concerning Evel Knievel and his past

and future performances (*He's Not a Bird, He's Not a Plane*, Feb. 5). Best of luck to Mr. Knievel on his jump of the Grand Canyon, although I doubt he needs it.

ROBERT ORLANDO

Concord, Mass.

Sirs:

Are you sure that Evel Knievel isn't Bret Harter reincarnated? If he isn't, then the guy who wrote his life story must be

ROGER SMITH

Houghton, Mich.

Sirs:

Our early nomination for Sportsman of the Year goes to Evel Knievel.

We plan to attend his sporting event of the century, and see that our hero comes through "unconcussed." This man is undoubtedly the new American folk hero.

WILLIAM STRACIAN

TIM PILF

WILLIAM GAINI

CHARLES BENNET

WILLIAM TIERROUX

Northfield, Minn.

Sirs:

This guy is too much!

DELMAR FERNANDEZ

Sacramento

Sirs:

First of all, I would like to say that Gilbert Rogin's story about me was a good one. However, I led Rogin astray on two points. I am quoted as saying that I was once in Sacramento with a man who was on the FBI's 10 Most Wanted list. This was not exactly the case. I was with two men, the first of whom, when we got to Seattle, went off to meet with the man the FBI wanted, and, at that time, the second man and I left for home. The first man was shot to death early last year in Reno by the Reno police. The second man, whom I shall always consider a friend, was fatally shot in a Butte, Mont., bar two weeks ago.

As far as swindling institutions goes, I guess, again, I didn't make myself too clear. I did not ever in any way take or accept money directly from any institution. I think it is self-explanatory that if I had I would have been behind bars, with the other persons involved, for the better part of my life.

Some people will never know how others have lived, and I hope and pray that my own sons, as well as other young boys, will never go through what I went through. I only wish that the men I knew had found another way of life, as I did.

EVEL KNEIVEL

Las Vegas

BOOS AND BOYCOTTS

Sirs:

Pete Axthelm correctly reported on the booing of Tommie Smith at the Los Angeles Invitational Track Meet (*Boos and a Boating for Tommie*, Jan. 29). But by not completely reporting these moments to your readers he distorts the situation.

When Smith was booed while he was on the victory stand the public-address announcer stated that this action was hardly proper behavior. After this there was a great amount of applause, much more applause than there had been boos. The big majority of the crowd of 10,000, however, kept their feelings to themselves.

Following Smith's season will be fascinating. He was, or is, the best from 200 meters to the 440. Yet, strategy aside, on this night he could not pull up on the other runners in a 49.5 quarter. Tommie Smith has chosen to carry extra and heavy burdens when he runs. The intrigue of the 1968 track season will be whether or not he earns the right to exercise an Olympic boycott—and what follows if he does earn it.

FRED BECK

Mahbu, Calif.

Sirs:

Tommie Smith did not deserve the boos and catcalls, but he should have anticipated them. I see little to be gained from boycotting the 1968 Olympics, because there really isn't anyone who can respond effectively. But if Tommie feels he should boycott, I support his right to present his case.

We are faced with all sorts of boycotts nowadays. I can see the merits of a boycott against a team that imposes racial restrictions or that practices the quota system. But some of the boycotts that are based on subtle and confusing problems dealing with black nationalism or in support of individuals who possibly have been disciplined for insolence, rather than because of race, are as ridiculous as the proposed boycott of the 1968 Olympics. Colleges cannot escape some blame. If the emphasis in sports were more on developing physical specimens and wholesome competitiveness than on popularity and winning, few would be in a position to be affected by a nonsense boycott in the first place.

THE REV. LEWIS P. BOHLER JR.
Church of the Advent (Episcopal)
Los Angeles

Sirs:

This letter is in answer to a Mr. Rick Earle (1978 HOU, Dec. 25), who spoke of Wilt Chamberlain's large salary as though all Negroes could benefit from it. I would like him to know that that money belongs to Mr. Chamberlain and only him. It does not help the Negro whom the white society has cheated out of the right to be a successful man.

continued

67



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18TH HOLE

I think the white society has taken the racial trouble the wrong way. The Negro only wants the white man to give him a chance to achieve the things that any free American man would want for his family.

Stars like Wilt Chamberlain, Bill Russell, Willie Mays, Jim Brown and Bob Hayes are all at the back of the line when it comes to the money that they should make because of their names. Some company might offer a white player twice as much as a Negro to do the same commercial. The white society must realize that the modern-day Negro wants no part of it. Either he gets a fair deal or no deal at all.

The real truth will come to light when the Negro athlete realizes that the owners are not doing him a favor by letting him play in a certain sport, but that it is an equally rewarding thing to both sides.

NAME WITHHELD

APO San Francisco

WAY THE BALL BREAKS

Sirs:

About all I know about squash is how to eat it. But, since a George Plimpton byline generally is an invitation to vintage reading, I read his article on the squash ball (*The Strange Case of the Ball that Go Poof* Jan. 22). As usual, it was vintage stuff.

JOHN KUEHNEN

Denver

Sirs:

I am the director of one of the largest health clubs in the country, and we have had problems with squash balls. I would like to have a reprint of your article so that I can use it as prima-facie evidence 1) that it is not my fault that they are breaking; 2) that I am not purchasing inferior balls; and 3) that problems of this kind are arising among all manufacturers. Thanks a lot.

PHILIP SMITH

St. Louis

CANADIAN SUPREMACY

Sirs:

I would like to thank **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and Gary Romborg for the splendid article, much awaited by us American hockey fans, about Doug Roberts (*A Battling Fork Crashes the Big Time* Jan. 22). Maybe if the cause of American-born hockey players were supported by the mass media here in the States we could someday have a majority of leading NHL skaters. The popularity of this exciting sport is rapidly increasing, especially around the Ohio Valley and the International Hockey League, which has many promising and talented players. I salute Doug Roberts and the other American skaters in their attempt to challenge Canadian supremacy in the NHL.

TIMOTHY M. TURNER

Springfield, Ohio

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Smooth as the wind.
Mellow as sunshine.
Friendly as laughter.
The whisky that's bold
enough to be lighter
than them all.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND
HER MAJESTY THE KING OF CANADA
HARM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
MONTREAL, CANADA

The disadvantages of advertising Benson & Hedges 100's.



Oh, you've had your disadvantages with our longer cigarette... now we've come head on with ours. If you think we have a space problem here... imagine the disaster on matchbook covers.

Notwithstanding, Benson & Hedges 100's, regular and menthol, have become the most popular new cigarette, maybe of all time. Perhaps all those extra puffs had something to do with it.